

Complete

17

"BOBBIE McDUFF," the great serial by CLINTON ROSS.

Pat 28
2034
4202

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXIV.—No. 2156.
Copyright, 1896, by ARKELL WEEKLY CO., No. 110 Fifth Avenue.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1897.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS \$1.00
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.

From a copy by J. Wells Champney.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED MADONNA BY RAPHAEL.

[SEE PAGE 10.]

mb

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

JANUARY 7, 1897.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers \$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers 2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks 1.00

The Independence of Cuba.



WE have long been convinced, and we have repeatedly urged, that the independence of Cuba should be acknowledged. We have also felt, and we still feel, that if it be necessary, practical assistance should be given to the struggling patriots in their gallant efforts to drive their bloodthirsty oppressors from the island. And to-day we are not in the least shaken in these convictions and beliefs.

But we have always insisted that there was but

one power and one man who could exercise the power to do what the necessities of the situation seem to us to require.

That one power is the executive authority of the United States, and the one man to exercise that authority is Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

Congress cannot usurp the authority and prerogative of the executive any more than the executive can absorb the law-making branch of the government. The two are co-ordinate branches, and neither can perform the functions of the other. When a man becomes what might be called a chronic Senator, like Morgan, of Alabama, for instance, he is apt to deceive himself into the belief that the authority of the Senate is supreme. This is the view which has induced the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate to recommend the passage of a joint resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba.

Mr. Olney, the Secretary of State, maintains that such a resolution can have no other effect than an expression of opinion, or a formal method of giving advice to the executive. In this position he is sustained by ex-Senator Edmunds and by Mr. W. H. H. Miller, who was Attorney-General in Mr. Harrison's Cabinet. Mr. Olney is no doubt right; but we are sorry that this conflict of prerogatives has arisen at this time and in this matter, for the cause of Cuba may suffer while these co-ordinate branches of the government are bickering over the functions of each and their relations to one another.

Meantime an astonished world looks on and wonders how long the machinery of so curiously-constructed a government will work.

A plague on the stubborn partisans and obstinate officials who put our country into such a plight!

The one thing of importance just now is that Mr. Cleveland should see the facts as they really exist in Cuba. It does not matter a rap whether he sees them through the assistance of Congress or without such assistance—the important thing is for him to see and to act.

The Christian world is horrified at the atrocities in Armenia, and justly so. But affairs are infinitely worse in Cuba—in Cuba, which is just at our doors. We would not tolerate that any European Power should intervene to stop the murder and the pillage in that fair island, and yet we hesitate to act ourselves. The shame on us is as great as the shame on Christian Europe for the continuance of the disorders in Armenia.

We must act, and act in no half-hearted way. The prayers of all good Americans should ascend in supplication for a further and a truer vision in him who to-day wields the executive authority of our country. If he could but see he could not fail to act with prompt decision in defense of humanity and for the preservation of civilization.

The New Journalism.

THE articles and cartoons this paper has printed on that new and vulgar school of journalism practiced in various parts of America, but particularly in New York, attracted great attention. The cartoons and articles were re-published in many papers, and the *Call*, in San Francisco, reprinted Mr. Gribaydoff's cartoon on its first page without reduction. This was unusual, but it showed that the cartoon was both timely and effective. We have received letters from all parts of the country approving our course and thanking us for telling the plain truth about these pernicious publications. We cannot answer all of these letters personally, and to the writers of them we address these words of acknowledgment. But the mere holding of these journalists and their papers up to reprobation will effect no lasting good. Society must organize against them. If

society do not, then the finest flowers of civilization—delicacy, refinement, modesty, and good taste—will be utterly destroyed. The first principle upon which the writers for these "new journals" are called upon to act is to throw respect for privacy to the dogs. When a man can do that he can do anything. Attacks upon morality and religion follow in natural sequence. These facts are plain to all who investigate and think. The remedy lies in organization against this vicious and corrupting influence.

"Fighting Bob" and Cuba.

WE have no desire to cast any reflections upon General Fitzhugh Lee's capacity in observing the things that come within his sight. We believe sincerely that he told the President, when he returned from Cuba, the facts as to the insurgents as they appeared to him. But there are men who see things much more quickly than other men, and we suggest, if Mr. Cleveland had reserved General Lee for his duck-hunting companion, and sent Captain Robley Evans, of the navy, to Cuba, that "Fighting Bob" would quickly enough have seen all that was necessary to justify Mr. Cleveland in acknowledging Cuban independence at once.

Some time ago a story was told that Captain Evans called upon Secretary Olney and tried to discuss with him the Cuban question. Mr. Olney was diplomatically reticent, and gave no suggestion whatever of any desire to kick up even the suspicion of a rumpus with Spain. Captain Evans, as the story goes, said: "Well, Mr. Secretary, don't you want me to go to Havana and bring you back a box of cigars?"

"Unfortunately," the secretary replied, "I do not smoke."

Captain Evans went away in a gloomy mood. Some one asked him: "Why did you ask about the cigars?" "Ah," said he, "if the secretary had authorized me to bring those cigars there would have been nothing but Spanish spoken in hell for the next twenty years."

This story may not be true, but it is characteristic of Captain Evans. And again we repeat, that it is a great pity that "Fighting Bob" had not been given the chance to see things as they are in Cuba, and advise the President as to his imperative and immediate duty.

Playing to the Galleries.



IT is certainly very desirable that foreigners who come to this country should become as American as possible, so that they may become assimilated with the people and not detract from the homogeneity of the population. But it is not to be conceived that a man who comes to this country can give up all interest in and affection for his native land, and at the same time be capable of becoming a useful, a trustworthy, and a loyal American citizen. A man who stops loving the land of his birth when

he moves away from it is likely to be a dangerous person in any country to which he goes. Of such are the anarchists and the socialistic pests who would upturn organized society and put chaos in its place. It follows, therefore, that Germans should still love the fatherland, that Frenchmen should still thrill in recalling the glory of France, and that Scotchmen should eat haggis if they can. But there are persons in America who lose no opportunity to tell foreigners who have settled here that they must be so American as to forget their nativity; to stop loving the lands whence they came. The latest announcement of this kind comes from the Bench of the New York Supreme Court, and is therefore in a sense official. Judge Roger A. Pryor denied the application of a party of Hungarians for a certificate of incorporation as a club because the purpose of the club was to encourage a friendly feeling among the Huns of a certain locality and to inspire a love for their native land. This denial of the learned judge strikes us as a piece of pure buncombe. We do not for a moment believe that he would have so decided had the Huns been Germans, or Scotchmen, or Irishmen. The Hun vote, however, is considerable, and they may be jumped upon with impunity. Would Judge Pryor have us believe that he is less of a Virginian because he has been a citizen of New York for a quarter of a century? Does he forget that when he wanted the nomination of Tammany Hall for his present position he asked the Southern men in New York to intercede for him with Croker? As a matter of fact, he holds his place to-day more on account of his Southern birth than because of his eminence at the Bar. We believe that Judge Pryor's attitude in this matter is that of a *poseur*, and that the turning-down of these Huns was a mere theatric playing to the galleries.

The Waste of Brains in the Navy.

THE citizens of this country should have an intense interest in the contest which is to be fought in Congress this winter between the line and the staff of the navy. The concern of the people lies far deeper than merely taking sides with one of the factions. It matters little to the average citizen whether positive rank shall be given to the

engineers or whether the desire of the line officers to score a victory over the staff officers shall succeed. For the petty jealousies and miserable bickerings of this everlasting quarrel the people care nothing.

The contest, however, has reached a stage in which is bound up the efficiency of the navy. The question for the people to consider is how to make our naval fighting-machines most effective. If increasing the number of engineers and if giving them positive rank will make better engines of war out of our ships, by all means let us have more engineers and give them positive rank, even to the rank of admiral. If reducing the number of engineers, and if securing in their places a competent number of marine-engine drivers, such as are employed by the Cramps and on the steamship lines, will add to our fighting strength, let that plan be adopted.

No one can deny that it is a great waste of brains to put highly educated experts at mere mechanical work in the engine-rooms of our war ships. Skilled labor, such as the Cramps employ, can do the work as well, if not better. One or two engine experts should be sufficient for the supervision of the machinery of these vessels. In war, orders to the engine-room come from the quarter-deck. High-grade mechanics can crowd on steam, back, stop, or slow engines as effectively as highly-educated experts. Elaborate education in mathematics, and in the theories of engineering, is not necessary for the movement of a throttle. Let the skilled men of the engine-room, with the probable exception of two men, be sent to the guns, and let their skill and education be turned into actual fighting. The conning-tower and not the engine-room needs strengthening, in modern navies.

If Congress has regard simply for the fighting capacity of the ships, and ignores the petty side of this quarrel between the line and staff, the dispute will be ended in short order. The engineers will be swamped. They will gain positive rank by being transferred to the line. Our ships are made solely to fight. The question before Congress and the people should be how to give full scope to their fighting strength.

The engineers ought to lose. They are too brainy to waste their talents in the engine-rooms when plenty of skilled mechanics can be found to do such work as well as they can do it.

American Patriotic Societies.

OUR American hereditary patriotic societies are not merely a fad. They are, on the contrary, an expression of patriotism, in the organized conservation of its most sacred traditions. In the triumphant democracy of our republican government we regard with just contempt the ostentation of aristocratic pride of birth, as displayed under monarchical forms; but when it comes to our own heroic past, a forgetfulness of the deeds of our forefathers, or any neglect to honor the memory of those who put their fortunes and their life-blood into the founda-



MRS. DONALD McLEAN.
Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

tions of this same republic, is surely a case of *trop de zèle*.

In the year 1783, before the disbanding of the Continental army, a number of officers organized the first, and what has since become the leading, hereditary patriotic society in America. It was named the Society of the Cincinnati, and its first president was George Washington. The objects of this society were, and are, "to preserve the rights and liberties for which its members had fought; to promote union between the respective States; to render permanent the affection existing among the officers." In a like spirit, after the termination of all our subsequent great wars, commemorative associations were formed—the Society of the War of 1812, after the second contest with Great Britain; the Aztec Society, following the Mexican War; the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Loyal Legion, at the close of the war of the secession. There are to-day quite a score of these or similar societies, with an aggregate membership of thirty-five thousand.

The societies of this nature composed of women are not branches, but distinct and independent organizations, whose members are well-accredited descendants of Colonial sires. These include some of our most noted women of to-day. The largest and most influential of these organizations is the Daughters of the American Revolution, with a membership of eleven thousand. The second in importance is, probably, the Colonial Dames of America (national society), with one thousand. In both these august bodies, of late, rumblings of dissension have reached the eager but awe-stricken ears of the un-insignia'd public. The Daughters of the American Revolution, in particular, have been making it uneasy for the head that wears the regent's crown. In other words, Mrs. Donald McLean, the regent of the New York City chapter, has been subjected to an enflaming fire from a section of the society—her election, or her eligibility to office, or what not, being in dispute. Far be it from us to undertake the rôle of arbitrator.

On with the merry war, ladies! Pleasant as it would doubtless be to see you dwelling together in peace and

harmony, we are bound to say there is something inspiring in your contentious moods. They prove the legitimacy of your Colonial birthright, and demonstrate that, even in this commercial age, the fighting blood of '76 has not yet grown cold.

People Talked About.

"CHARLES WHITNEY TILLINGHAST, who has been selected by Governor-elect Black, of New York, for the much-coveted post of adjutant-general on his personal staff, is a prominent figure in the business, social, political, and military circles of Troy, New York. Born in that city thirty-five years ago, he is within a year or two of being of the same age as the youthful Governor-elect, and a warm personal friendship has long existed between them. Young Mr. Tillinghast affixes "2d" to his name. He succeeded to the direction of the extensive iron and hardware business established by



MR. CHARLES WHITNEY TILLINGHAST.

his father in Troy more than a generation ago. Personally, he is a man of fine military presence, over six feet tall, and straight as a West-Point officer. He was for some years first-lieutenant in the Citizens' Corps—Sixth Separate Company—and participated with that body in its services during the railway strikes in Albany and Buffalo, a few years back.

—The new Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople, Monsignor Maghakia Ormanian, recently elevated, by forty-seven out of sixty-two votes, to the highest dignity of the Christian church in the Orient, has, according to a recent dispatch from Constantinople, already resigned because he would not guarantee that the Armenians would acquiesce in the reforms proposed by the sultan. The sultan declined to accept the resignation, but Monsignor Ormanian nevertheless has vacated the patriarchate. Monsignor Ormanian, who was formerly superior of the convent of Armach, is a theologian of wide distinction, as well as an able administrator. Appertaining to the Andonian congregation, which formerly belonged to the see of Rome,



MONSIGNOR MAGHAKIA ORMANIAN.

he was ordained as priest in that city, under the pontificate of Pius IX. He went to Constantinople in 1878, and, having declared his option for the Gregorian Church, was subsequently consecrated Bishop of Erzeroum, in accordance with the wishes of the Armenian community. He succeeded, as director of the Armach seminary, Monsignor Madthéos Ismirlian.

—President Edward C. O'Brien, of the Dock Board of New York City, was the recipient, recently, of a complimentary dinner at the Hotel Waldorf, tendered by two hundred of Greater Gotham's most distinguished representatives in statecraft, the judiciary, commerce, the arts and sciences, and journalism, but who modestly styled themselves on the souvenir of the occasion simply as "friends of water commerce." General O'Brien is one of the younger men of prominence in the official circles of the metropolis; but his honors have been fairly won by efficient service in the past, no less than in the bright promise of his future administration of the wharfage system, with its grand possibilities, in this port. He is an enthusiastic believer in the immediate commercial future of Greater New York, while at the same time appreciating the fact that the problem of best adapting terminal facilities to the social, commercial, and industrial needs of this great centre is one of the most complex economic questions of our time.



GENERAL EDWARD C. O'BRIEN.
Photograph by Sarony.

—Liliuokalani, the deposed queen of the Sandwich Islands, and now plain Widow Dominis, is for the second time visiting this country, on diplomatic business in which the element of finance largely figures. Her advent in Washington is imminent. Advices from San Francisco, where she is sojourning at the present writing, give warning that adversity has not modified, but rather increased, the royal dignity so markedly exemplified in "Queen Lil's" ample person.



EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.
Photograph by Taber.

who have incautiously seated themselves in her presence have met with stern rebukes. She is a portly, chocolate-colored lady, with wavy, grayish hair, as befits a sovereign on the shady side of fifty. A peculiarity of her coiffure is one snow-white lock, from the centre of the forehead, drawn back over

the line of parting. Her attendance at the recent horse show in San Francisco won her an amount of public attention that must have been grateful to her pride, as the curiosity that prompted it was essentially respectful and sympathetic.

—Charles W. Crisp, son of the late Speaker Crisp, is the youngest member of the Congress now in session, being only

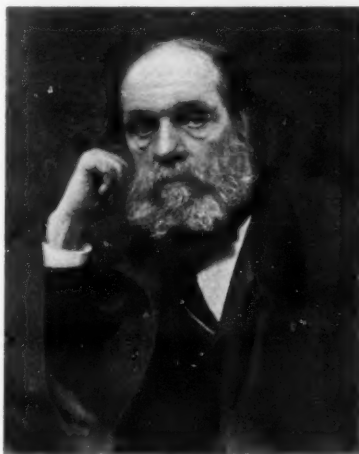


MR. CHARLES W. CRISP.

twenty-six years old. He is also the newest member. He was sworn in December 19th, as Representative from the Third district of Georgia, to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death. In the taking of his seat in Congress young Mr. Crisp broke one record, the House having departed in his case from the rule requiring formal credentials. Instead, it accepted as satisfactory evidence of his election the brief statement telegraphed by Governor Atkinson, and the youthful member took his place amid cordial applause. He is said to be a true son of his father in character as well as

in personal appearance, and will in all likelihood add to the credit and renown of the family name.

—It is a pleasing thing to notice that Dr. Edward Everett Hale's recent lecture tour in the West brought him almost as much notice in the towns he visited as if he had been a kailyard novelist or a Yellow Book author. Dr. Hale is just rounding out his third quarter of a century of active life, and he is rugged, unkempt at first view, and distinctively homely. There is no outward attribute to set a young feminine hero-worshiper's heart a-flutter; yet his long career of productivity in the pulpit, with the pen, and in the doing of good deeds forms an admirable and enviable record. Dr.



DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
Photograph by Rockwood.

Hale is a fine, stout, hearty old man, as full of energy now as he was at fifty.

—Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, died in that city on December 16th, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was twice mayor of Boston, and for nearly half a century had been a leader in the business and political circles of the New England metropolis. In the commercial world he was known as the head of the Walter Baker Chocolate Company. Mr. Pierce was a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, and prior to that had served as alderman and mayor of Boston. He was mayor again in 1878, and introduced the element of non-partisanship in his administration. His most remarkable speech while a member of Congress was at the close of his second term, maintaining that the electoral vote of Louisiana should not be counted for Hayes. This was a courageous act, inasmuch as Mr. Pierce had been a warm supporter of Hayes in the Presidential canvass. He stood alone among his Republican colleagues from Massachusetts in this attitude. This marked the turning of his political career, and subsequently he became a warm supporter of the Cleveland Democracy and of tariff reform.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich is so genuine a poet, so exquisite a literary artist, that it is difficult to think of him as a semi-millionaire. Such he becomes, nevertheless, through the legacies bequeathed to himself, his wife, and sons, by the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston. Such a windfall might have been a crushing weight at an earlier stage of the development of so graceful and delicate a genius. To-day it comes with a happy timelessness, a suggestion of poetic justice. The author of "Wyndham Towers" and "Marjorie Daw" characterized himself, already some years



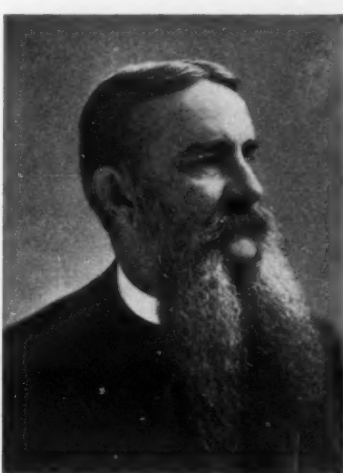
MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

ago, as "a middle-aged minor poet." He is, in fact, past fifty, and well seasoned in the uses of literary adversity as well as prosperity. His own artistic will and testament to his generation were written before wealth came to give rise to any possible suspicion of unsound inspiration. Personally, Aldrich is a

markedly handsome man, and his surprising juvenility of appearance corresponds with the essentially youthful spirit of his writings.

—Dr. L. Appia, a distinguished physician who still resides in Geneva, Switzerland, fairly deserves the honor of being called the real founder of the world-famed Red Cross Society, whose work is the care of the sick and wounded in war and disaster. The original convention was held in Geneva in 1864—whence the adoption of the now familiar "red badge of courage," the Geneva cross. Sixteen national governments, including that of the United States, were represented at this convention, the original suggestion of which arose from a monograph "Souvenir of Solferino," by Henry Dunant, detailing the sufferings of the soldiers in the Italian wars and in the Crimea, from lack of properly organized medical attendance. Dunant had no connection with the society after its organization; but Dr. Appia took a prominent part therein, and has been active in the work up to the present day. He was with Garibaldi in 1866, and on the field during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when, under his direction, our Miss Clara Barton received her "baptism of fire." A new international convention of the Red Cross is about to be called, at which a full representation will include Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, Turkey, Great Britain, the United States of America, Japan, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Netherlands, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Montenegro, Hungary, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Peru, Argentina, Venezuela, and Congo.

—Take your new navy, call it the Squadron of Evolution, and go off and play with it." This practically was what the



REAR-ADMIRAL WALKER.

Navy Department said to Commodore (now Rear-Admiral) Walker ten years ago. Walker took the ships and went off. He soon came back and again became commander-in-chief of the naval outfit. In a few weeks Walker will retire. The most artful and successful politician in the navy will lay aside his uniform, and in time a new system of intrigue will rule and will pull the Secretary of the Navy this way and that, and in time another admiral may be packed off to sea with good riddance. Why did Walker rule? Simply because he had brains. Enemies by the hundred he had and has, and justly, too. Let that go. He deserves the thanks of the Americans for one thing above all else. Walker made our new navy, if any one man made it. His first thought has always been his country. What of it if his next thought was Walker? He gave no quarter and expected none in scheming for power. With the nicety of a consummate diplomat he once turned the trick on Grover Cleveland, President and his commander-in-chief. Able, cunning, ambitious, brilliant, successful, Walker will retire with prestige undiminished. Hundreds of naval officers will rejoice over it; hundreds will regret it. Mention the name of Walker in a group of naval men and the line-and-staff quarrel is forgotten in the row that follows.

—It seems rather odd that Mrs. Coleman Drayton should have required the services of Count (?) Elliot Zborowski to give her



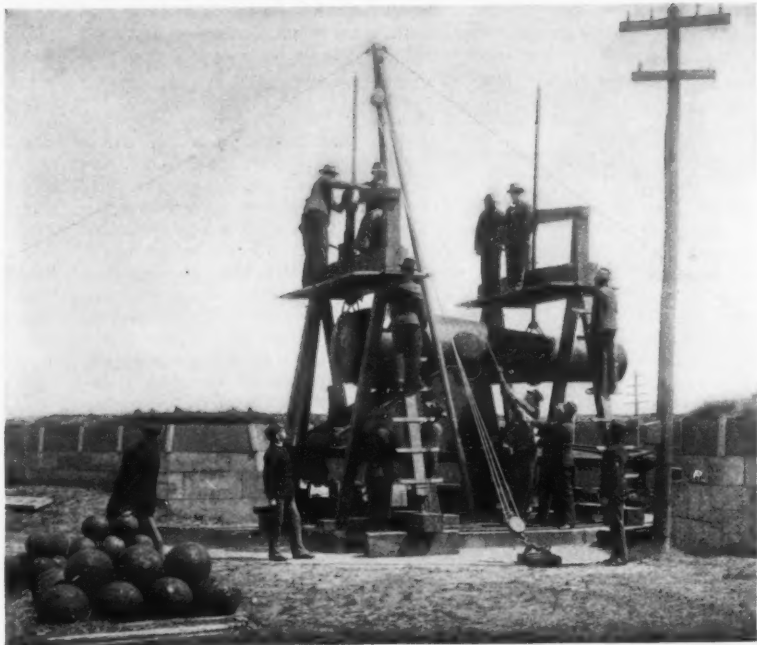
MRS. HAIG, FORMERLY
MRS. J. COLEMAN DRAYTON.

away when she entered for the second time into the bonds of holy matrimony. As a rule, when a lady comes to number two she is, at the most, supposed to require a supporter in the person of a near kinsman. Possibly, however, the Astor connection—that is, at least, the divorced division of it—is different. It may be noted, by the way, that the husband of the newly-married dame is spoken of as the head of that very ancient Scottish family, the Haigs, or De Hagas, of Bemerside. This is to be doubted, as a few years ago the Haigs, lapsing in the male line, and Bemerside having passed into the hands of two elderly ladies, a kinsman was permitted to assume the name and arms, and the venerable property came to him, so that the prophecy of Thomas the rhymers, of "Betide, betide, what ere betide, Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside," should not fail. Still, these whisky Haigs may likely enough be of the old stock, and it is said that they make a very good article of whisky.

—Of all of Governor Roger Wolcott's new staff of glittering officers the one best known outside of Massachusetts is Colonel R. D. Sears, assistant adjutant-general. As "Dicky" Sears he held the tennis championship of America for a period of seven years, beginning as an undergraduate at Harvard, and acquired an international reputation. He is about thirty-three years old.



COLONEL FRANK, POST COMMANDER.



DISMOUNTING A THIRTEEN-INCH GUN BY HYDRAULIC POWER.



AN ANCHORED TORPEDO.



A RECENTLY MOUNTED ELEVEN-INCH GUN AND CARRIAGE.



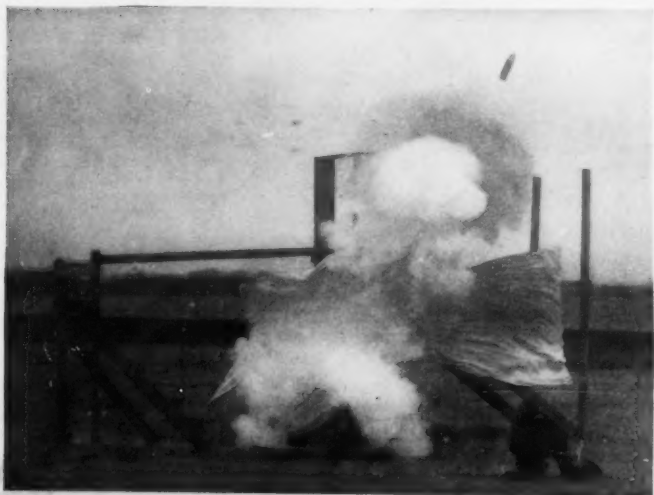
GUNS TRAINED OVER CHESAPEAKE BAY.



QUARTERS WHERE JEFF DAVIS WAS IMPRISONED.



THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



TESTING A MORTAR—THE SHELL CAUGHT IN THE AIR.



THE MOAT AND FORTIFICATIONS LOOKING WEST, SHOWING THE "NEW YORK" AND "COLUMBIA" IN THE DISTANCE.

WINTER WORK AT FORT MONROE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 7.]
Copyright, 1897, by Leslie's Weekly.



"Marietta was ever at my side in the illness."

BOBBIE MCDUFF.

By CLINTON ROSS.



VI.

M. MIRANDA.

SI recall those days of the gypsy camp, when I was recovering from the injuries in the scuffle with Inkof, they seem very delightful, very dear; and so I opened this story with my first meeting with Marietta and Petruchio. The camp was in a little glade in the park of the Comte de Saint-Dernier's Norman estate. Monsieur le comte had given these wandering folk permission—some fifteen men, women, and children, led by Petruchio. They said they were citizens of the broad out-of-doors. "Some of us are of France; others of Italy," Petruchio added. He would say no more of our adventure; nor would he explain the red scar on my left temple. Yet I felt there was something allying me with these wanderers which Petruchio, and Marietta, too, knew.

Marietta was ever at my side in the illness; yet as I grew better she no longer would sing in that delightful voice. We walked together in the wood. I don't know what we may have talked about. But those days, as I say, I never can forget.

Yet at last the Arcadian spirit began to leave me. These vagabonds were but vagabonds after all—even Petruchio; yes, even Marietta. And I longed for the world—to try to solve my mystery.

I had begun by inquiring for the chateau on the hill, which proved to be an old property of the Comte de Saint-Dernier, and had been leased the previous year to some friend of his—a foreigner—a Russian, an American, mayhap. Petruchio shrugged his shoulders and would say nothing, although I was convinced that he knew, and Marietta knew. But I could get no more, either from peasant or from gypsy.

And of a morning I told them I must go back into the world.

"Humph! brother." For so he now called me, if Marietta persisted in the "m'sieur."

But Marietta looked away.

"Our bread is yours."

"And my song yours," said Marietta. She seemed that moment like one of those spirits with whom the Greeks peopled the country-side—a being real, yet elusive.

"And I hate to leave you, Marietta."

"Ah, do you, m'sieur?"

I thanked them as well as one may for such honest hospitality as they had given me. And that afternoon I left them and turned into the sunny road.

I have said my assailants had robbed me only of the jeweled miniature. They had left me my purse, which held about the fare to Paris. My clothes were rather awry, but if my face were weather-stained, the weeks I had passed with the strollers at least had restored health. And my problem appeared easier. I would see M. Miranda; would face this Prince Kracikof.

To Paris I went, second-class, reaching the Gare l'Ouest at five that afternoon.

I went at once to the Avenue de l'Alma; but John Dort was in England. The concierge recognized me and said, with some excitement, that Mr. Dort had been much concerned at my disappearance. I reflected that he doubtless thought it a natural sequel to taking up a vagabond. I inquired for Peters; but he was with his master in England, and so I had to defer meeting these two, and went to the Avenue Carnot.

"M. Miranda?"

The servant looked at me narrowly.

"What name, sir?"

"Robert McDuff."

I would know the effect that name had on M. Miranda, for it appeared that I was lucky in finding him. Presently the man returned, saying M. Miranda would see me. After waiting for some time in the salon there appeared the same dark-coated, thin-faced gentleman of the cab of the Rue de Rivoli. He came to me, in some agitation, I thought, although his was ordinarily—or else I was a poor observer—a self-controlled enough face. He pressed my hand, and then he stepped back, looking me over critically.

"Oh, how like!"

"Whom, monsieur?"

"Robert McDuff."

"And who was he?"

He hesitated. "Robert McDuff?"

"No; that is not the name. I have a right to know."

"You may have; but he wished you never to."

"He provided me a career in America—which I have lost."

"Yes, I have heard that," he commented, slowly; "but your affairs there are arranged."

"Arranged? By whom?" I asked, bewildered.

"By me."

"And why by you?"

"Because your father did me many favors, and I wished to do some little for his son. You must go back to America."

"But why?"

"Because there are people here who wish you out of the way—and because your father wished to remove from your life the troubles which were his."

"Monsieur Miranda," I said, "I no sooner arrive in France than people notice a certain resemblance. Prince Kracikof is to the pains of abducting me and holding me a prisoner under the charge of certain of his retainers. I have escaped. Now, sir, I demand it as my right to know what this means. You have paid my debts, you tell me—"

"The Middletons have paid better than was expected; it was a small matter."

"Small or great, still you have done it; and still Kracikof is my enemy. Now, why is this? I don't choose to be tossed about by people's whims. I intend to face the situation."

"You can't."

"And why?"

"Because I will prevent it."

"And why?"

"It was your father's wish."

"And you will not tell me who that father was, or who my mother. They stole the miniature I had of her."

"They did that? They wanted to prevent identification."

"And you?"

"Yes, I; because I want to carry out my friend's, your father's, wish. I promised him I would look to you, and I will. I shall put at your disposal to-morrow a hundred thousand francs—with the single proviso that you return to New York—at once."

I listened stolidly. And he continued:

"Your father helped me, an exile, in the emperor's time. By his intercession—for he was a friend of Napoleon III.—I not only returned to France, but I was enabled to regain the fortune my father gained in trade and banking. I have increased that fortune, and you—as your father's son—are entitled to a part of it. But you must not try to change the career he marked out for you, because it was his wish, which I at least—although he is so long dead—will carry out, I have told you."

"But this man Kracikof?" I cried. "I propose to meet him squarely. I want to face these difficulties now, Monsieur Miranda."

"My dear McDuff," he said, softly, "dine with me to-night; stay with me for three days, then go to London. I shall supply you with funds, I have said. I propose you shall keep up the rank fitting you."

"And what is that?"

"That of a simple gentleman."

I walked up and down the salon. I thought over the whole perplexing matter. Yes; he seemed my friend.

"And my mother?"

"She was charming, Robert. I'll call you that."

"And who was she? And why should I be safer in New York?"

"The person or persons who think you inimical to him or them will not bother you if you don't interfere with him or them. They think you may interfere if you may be in Europe."

"I want to interfere."

"But you can't, I have said."

"And this money—this obligation to you?"

He smiled, and took my hand again.

"My dear fellow, the obligation was incurred by me to yours—long ago, I have told you. The money is really yours, and will be yours. I fancied you were sufficiently provided for, and in the hands of conscientious people. But your family has not the sense of the value of small amounts. How can you have it—you who always have had money and dependents? Your nature is your father's. This moment you are like him, in every word, with every gesture."

"Is it," I said, softly, "a case of illegitimacy?"

"No," said he, quickly.

"You have the proofs?"

"Yes."

"And then have I not some claim—"

"It would be troublesome to show it. Stop! I'll say no more."

And he would say no more then, nor after. But he had conquered my scruples; and I readily took that he said was mine. His story of himself I found was exactly true. A poor Spanish adventurer in Paris, the first Miranda had acquired a great fortune. His son had been banished by Napoleon III., but who the friend was who had obtained his restoration to the emperor's favor I could not discover, beyond the fact that he was my father. As for myself, I listened to his friend's wishes. I would go to New York for a time. I would not attempt further discoveries without consulting him. I did not then count on a further series of accidents. My life, indeed, has been a long series of extraordinary accidents.

And so I made the friendship of Felix Miranda, who had been my friend before I even knew of his existence, because he was as ever—even so long after his death—my father's friend, and tried to carry out his wishes so long after. I asked him about the little red scar, telling him of my adventure with the gypsies.

"That is from your mother," he said. "It's a curious inheritance. Do you remember Scott's novel of 'Redgauntlet'? It's the same kind of mark. Heredity is a curious fact. You are like your father, and yet you have a mark from your mother."

But he would go no further. I could not move him. I told him of Dort's kindness, and the action of his groom.

"The man was paid by Kracikof. The little Englishman is your friend."

"I hate Kracikof," I cried.

"No more than I. If it were not for your father's wish—"

"What then, monsieur?"

"It binds me," was the answer.

"My enemy evidently wished to prevent you seeing me," I, however, insisted.

"Yes; he was not sure of me, I fancy. But he need not fear for that."

"He shall fear me," I cried.

"He's a dangerous and a powerful man."

"That doesn't alter the case."

"But I have your promise."

"To return to America for a time; to take no steps without consulting you. Yes."

VII.

A MEETING.

I WENT to London in the wish to appear before the Dorts as the restored gentleman. My disappearance had been so unaccountable—or, rather, so accountable to a vagabond's mere freakishness—that I now wanted to explain that I was really what I had asserted I was. To be sure, I was under promise to M. Miranda not to tell any one of the details of that disappearance. This had been part of my friend's conditions in assisting me, which I had accepted, while on my part I reserved the right to take some action should I first warn him of my intention. Yes, I wanted to be able to meet Lady Berringer as an equal. As the boat drew into Dover it was her face I seemed to see calling me to England. And then I seemed to see Marietta's eyes. Was it Marietta, or the English countess, whom I thought of most? And then I remembered the girl Anouchka's cry—which had brought me back to my prison and to the encounter with Iakof. I should have it out with Iakof and Iakof's master.

In London I put up at a hotel I was recommended to in Bond Street, and looked up a tailor and some American acquaintances. For, as I have said, my acquaintance always had been of the best in New York, and now, with my debts settled, and equipped with a liberal credit through M. Miranda's favor—or his sense of obligation to my father—I felt again in a position to hold my own in the world; and it was with this feeling that I went down to Dort's place in Warwickshire.

As the trap from the station drew up before the door it chanced that John Dort was dismounting. At first he did not recognize me.

"Why, McDuff!" he cried, at last.

"I came to thank you for the greatest possible kindness."

He was glad to see me, in his effusive, boyish way, and cried out that he knew a man from your common beggar; and insisted I should put up with him indefinitely.

"Oh, I sail from Liverpool Saturday on the *Majestic*."

"Why, Mary and Kracikof go by that ship," he said, "and the dowager Lady Felding."

"Kracikof!" I exclaimed.

"They are going to do the States."

"Yes, I know. But they—"

I could not realize it at first.

"That chap's persistence has won. I thought Mary laughed at him, but now their engagement has been announced. He's very rich, himself, while, as well, heir to Prince Nikolai Kracikof and very near the czar. I dare say I should be glad."

"I dislike that fellow."

"What was the resemblance he saw?"

"To my father."

"Ah, he knew your father?"

"He was his, as he is my, enemy," I said. But I stopped, remembering M. Miranda's prohibition.

"You have a man in your service—your head groom, Peters—who is in Kracikof's pay?"

"How did you know?" he said. "Yes, Peters left me a month ago, for Kracikof's service."

But again I saw I was going too far, and hastily changed the subject. If Dort was curious he said no more; and I had a delightful three days with him. But I was rather disturbed at what he had said about Lady Berringer. I felt I liked brother and sister too well to take complacently the announcement that she had promised herself to this detestable fellow, and now my fortune, good or bad, would bring us together on the same ship. I anticipated the meetings with much interest; that with Lady Berringer as an equal, as I have said, and the other with Kracikof.

As it happened, I only just caught the *Majestic*. An hour after, I came on Lady Berringer in a deck-chair. I fancied her rather paler than when I had seen her last, when starting with the wheeling party from the stable on the Avenue de l'Alma. As she noticed me she at first looked perplexed.

"Mr. McDuff!" she cried, at last, exactly as John Dort had.

"It's good of you to remember me," I said, tritely enough.

"Do take that chair. I am so anxious to talk with you. I fancy you have had a change of fortune."

"That fickle goddess has given me the suspicion of a smile," I was saying, when I saw Kracikof. Now, I had anticipated him starting. But he did nothing of the kind. He knew I was to be on that ship.

"Do you remember Mr. McDuff?" the countess said.

"Smith, I thought? Oh, yes," he said.

"That was an alias," I said.

"You appear to have several."

"All apparently of equal interest to your Highness," I retorted, wondering at the man's singular youthfulness. If he was fifty, if he had known my father, he looked no older than I. I declare, the man was wonderful: one of those keen, charming, and experienced Russians; perfectly equipped men of affairs. Now he asked permission to take the chair by Lady Berringer's side; and, sitting down, began the usual first-day-at-sea's observation on our fellow-passengers. For a few moments I was perplexed at my own course of action. But then I resolved to meet him with his own weapon of urbane smoothness. I was not so skilled as he at that fence; but I was resolved at least not to show any loss of temper—or, rather, not to give way to the desire to try my muscles against his. Yet once I could not resist saying:

"Your Highness has a little miniature set with jewels which I value. I wish you would do me the favor of returning it."

"You have known each other before?" Lady Berringer asked.

"Yes, we know each other," said the prince. "But Mr. McDuff is mistaken about the miniature."

If I could have given him the lie direct, I said nothing then, remembering the part I had undertaken.

VIII.

AT SEA.

I SOMETIMES ask myself how I dared to face Alexander Kracikof as I did, since I had had such a proof of the extreme to which he would carry his daring. He had kidnapped me in the very shadow of the great arch of Paris, boastful of civilization, its law and order. I could expect absolutely anything of him. And yet, since I played my part fairly well, to see us during those five days you would not have fancied that a great enmity lay between us. After that reference to the miniature, I had not again spoken to him of my adventure. But sometimes in his eyes I would see that he had not forgotten the ancient grudge which had descended to me from my father, despite his wish. And it became more and more mine, the more I saw of Lady Berringer. For I took every opportunity I could make to be near her, and each day I came nearer the resolve that this Russian prince should not have this charming lady. It did not take me long to find that Lady Felding, Lady Berringer's companion, disliked Kracikof; while I knew John Dort disapproved of him, rich and powerful although he might be.

And why had Lady Berringer, who had so much, both wealth and a great name and youth, promised herself to this man, so many years her senior? The late Lord Berringer had been a charming fellow, I had been told. One easily could understand how Mary Dort had given herself to him; and yet, I have confessed, Prince Kracikof's was a pleasing personality. At fifty he preserved the admirable good looks which his *sang froid* bore out well; his complexion, rosy as a boy's; his step quick, alert; his well-knit figure, always well groomed, showing a man still of great strength. And to all was added the feeling he gave of power; a great nobleman of one of the most powerful nations, with wealth which put him among the world's millionaires—which promised to increase when he should succeed to the old Prince Nikolai Kracikof. I could not wonder, after all, that Lady Berringer had succumbed to his attractiveness.

Now I tried hard to make her regret her promise. I felt I was bound to thwart this man in every possible way; and, indeed, I have said that the young Countess of Berringer was a woman to make a man try his best for her favor.

In that ship-load were several old acquaintances. I could show these people that at least I had a position in New York, however small and uncertain it might be in Europe. And Mary Berringer gave me opportunities to see her, although Alexander

Kracikof might frown. Lady Felding's brother, Pierre Van Brule, of New York, was on board, and he helped me.

They were going to the Van Brules' on landing. I have most cause to remember one evening in particular when we sat in the moonshine which lay ever beyond us over the mysterious stretches of wave-crests. The North Atlantic smiled during that passage.

"And it is your country," Lady Berringer was saying.

"I don't know; I have no country."

"There's always such a mystery about you, Mr. McDuff. I would like to know it. I have talked you over with Prince Kracikof."

"You know the prince and I are not friends; I owe him a grudge."

"You are frank about it," she said, looking at me quickly.

"He doesn't like you, I think."

"Is he equally frank about it?"

"No, he's very complimentary; yet I can tell."

"And, oh, Lady Berringer!" I cried, "can you tell that the worst of my grievances toward him is that you like him?"

"You have no right to talk in that way," she said, after this surprising statement.

"Do you remember how, when I was a poor enough adventurer enjoying John Dort's favor, you were gracious to me? If you have forgotten I have not, Lady Berringer. And now I'm better put—even if I have no name."

What possessed me, I wonder? Was she not promised to my enemy? Had he not said words of love to her, and had she not received them? And yet, now I could not endure the thought that she was to belong to him; I would not have it so. And I went on incoherently enough, it seems—silly enough, it now reads when put to paper so long after.

Suddenly I understood what I was saying, and how strangely it must sound to her, whom I had known for so short a time. But there are some persons whom you need but to meet to know. So it was with Lady Berringer and with me. Ah, if I had known her before she had met this fellow, I said then. God had given me a heritage of strife with him; and I should accept it.

But had I angered her?

Lady Felding and her brother appeared; and close behind, Prince Kracikof. I saw his eyes intent on us there in the moonshine, and I longed to tell him, then and there, what I thought of him. But, remembering, I left them. Nor did I go near Lady Berringer again that night, but sat looking back at the white-crested trail the ship left under the moon. Then I heard Alexander Kracikof over my shoulder.

"Ivan, your father once thwarted me. You, his son, shall not stand in my way."

I turned and faced him, wondering what more he would say. But he was again the urbane individual, too well-mannered to say anything unpleasant. Yet at least we understood each other well enough. But my trouble was not concerning him, but Lady Berringer. How would she take what I had said; and how could I, a nobody, hope? And then I remembered Felix Miranda, and I sat down and wrote him that I was about to take back my promise. I would know who I was, and the meaning of the mystery.

Have I told this too vainly? Had I influenced this charming, great lady? I could not believe that. All the women I ever had admired, from girls in New York to Anouchka, the little Russian, Iakof's wife, were insignificant before this English countess—and she was the widow of an earl, and one of the heiresses of the great Dort fortune—and I, a nobody. And then I thought of Marietta, the gypsy, who, after all, was not so insignificant.

Yet I found I was vain. Lady Berringer gave me no chance to see her alone. If Alexander Kracikof's words that night had made my heart beat, I simply had been a conceited fool.

I did not see Lady Berringer alone for the rest of that voyage. Alexander Kracikof and I met each other every day with the same cold formality.

At New York, although it was July, Lady Berringer went to the Van Brules', where, of course, I was bid; and Prince Kracikof to one of the hotels on the avenue. He still was with Lady Berringer a great deal, I noticed, while to me her manner had been so distinctly cold that I could not consider but that I had offended her. And why should it be differently? She knew me as a poor American, attached to John Dort's stable, who, if I had had a restoration to fortune, still remained a nobody. I had resolved not to remain one, you know, and so had written M. Felix Miranda.

A casual visit to the Colchesters shed some unexpected light on my identity. You will remember that I had borrowed from young Jim Colchester the money for South Africa when my credit had been lowest; and that through M. Miranda's kindness—which he, indeed, called a sense of duty—I had been enabled to repay him.

IX.

THE PORTRAIT.

YES, I am, by breeding, an American, if by birth a European; and on that account I perhaps appreciate as well as most Europeans the American character, its diversity, its provincialism, its cosmopolitanism. So, I say, there is no more exceptional gentleman, after all, than your American of birth and education. Foreigners are not likely always to appreciate the existence of this American gentleman. They judge all Americans by the average, who is as presumably an objectionable person as the average Englishman. Nobody denies that the average Englishman is likely to be an unpleasant fellow; and the average German, or Frenchman, or Russian. It is only in the case of Americans that the European holds the average specimen to make the exceptional gentleman impossible.

The Colchesters have been a line of gentlemen from the first; acquiring fortune by the growth of New York and by marriage. The present head of the Colchesters is notable for extensive charities—administered with a fine worldly sense of the actual needs of the very poor—and for his taste as a collector. His art-gallery in his house at Babylon is, I believe, one of the most noteworthy collections in the world. But it is their charm of manner, their urbanity, their kindness, which attract me to the Colchesters.

It was during my first visit, after my return, to Jim Col-

chester at Babylon when his father asked me to step into his gallery to see some additions he had been making. And there I saw a portrait of her of my lost miniature.

"Where did you find that portrait?" I cried.

"At the Merton sale, last March, in London. It's a wonderful likeness. When I was a young man she was a heroine of mine—exquisite as she was with that wonderful voice."

"And who was she?"

"You younger fellows live a bit too late," Mr. Colchester said, smiling. "You only know Beatrice Calesi by name. She was the greatest soprano Europe ever knew, I firmly believe, and the most interesting woman."

"Ah, that was Beatrice Calesi," I said; for I, of course, had heard of the name, if never curious enough to inquire about that past celebrity of Italian opera—if never suspecting my personal interest.

"And who was she?" I asked, at last.

"Who knows about stage people?" said the elder Colchester.

"She was said to have been an Italian gypsy."

Suddenly Jim Colchester exclaimed:

"How curious! Do you notice that Bobbie has that same red scar over his left temple?"

"Why, he has. That is a strange mark."

"Oh, a resemblance, eh?" said I. "But tell me, sir, what became of Beatrice Calesi?"

"There's a romance," he answered. "I'll outline it. The gossip could have told you more thirty years ago. In Paris, one evening, a great Russian gentleman, the Prince Ivan Kracikof, heir of Prince Nikolai Kracikof, of Lebannia, saw the Calesi. There followed a scandal. Kracikof resigned his rank—his position—and went into obscurity with the singer."

"Kracikof?"

"Yes; his cousin is that Prince Kracikof now in town."

I understood it all then, as I looked at that dear, charming face. Alexander Kracikof had called me Ivan that night at sea. He was my second cousin, then, and he feared me. Yet what had led him to the trouble and the danger of kidnapping me in Paris? Had he feared that I might be the heir of Prince Nikolai Kracikof, whose grandson I was, because the son of the heir had married out of his rank? Felix Miranda had told me that; he should tell me more. Why had Ivan Kracikof, my father, wished me to be brought up in ignorance of my position? He had seen the troubles of that position when the czar had forbidden his marriage with Beatrice Calesi. For James Colchester went on and told me that the czar had forbidden it. He had been to pains that I never should know it; he had brought me to New York, and had died as Robert McDuff. He had forbidden me Europe because he feared Alexander Kracikof. Why should he? Suddenly the matter became clear. Beyond what the world knew, I might have claims to a position which my cousin, Alexander Kracikof, now held at St. Petersburg and Moscow as Nikolai Kracikof's heir—I, the son of a Kracikof and Beatrice Calesi, the Italian gypsy, the European celebrity. Then I remembered the gypsies of Fontainebleau. They had recognized the scar. They knew my story. But chiefly I was glad, for I knew—however I was born—my blood was as good as Mary Berringer's, and that I had every right to hold myself the equal of Alexander Kracikof, my cousin. For, was I not a Kracikof as well as he? Anger increased in thinking of all he had tried to do to injure me, to suppress me.

I wonder if the Colchesters noticed my agitation in seeing again the familiar face of my lost miniature. Their portrait was one by a celebrated painter of the last generation, whom it had gained recognition at the salon of its year. It had been done from a photograph and the painter's memory of Beatrice Calesi, who at that time was a subject of more than ordinary romantic interest because of her retirement from the stage into the company of the Russian nobleman who not only had been banished, but had forfeited his prospects for her sake. Yes, I wonder if the Colchesters saw my agitation.

That night I returned to town in time to call on my foster-mother, Mrs. Carter, and we sat talking over her memories of my father. She was delighted, you may believe, at my return to New York and restoration to credit, which she attributed to commercial successes in South Africa. Remembering my promise to M. Miranda, I did not tell the truth, and I suppose she continued to believe for some time that I had developed the business shrewdness which most Americans hold the most valuable accomplishment.

In leaving her, I decided that I would book on the next Saturday's ship for Havre. For I felt I must see Felix Miranda at once; that I must insist on knowing all he knew of the facts which James Colchester's possession of the portrait of Beatrice Calesi had made me aware of.

The next morning, early, I went to the Van Brules', which is on Fifty-eighth Street, near the avenue, for they were still in town. I wished to see Mary Berringer, while I was curious about my cousin, Alexander Kracikof, whom I had not seen since I had left him at the pier. He was a man to watch, I certainly had every reason to believe.

(To be continued.)

Work at Fort Monroe.

OLD Fort Monroe still retains its importance and will probably always continue to maintain its importance, as one of the chief places of defense in case of war. The history of the fortress and the military romance of its associations make it practically foremost among our fortifications. It is not yet equipped fully with modern appliances, but it is there that most of the problems of national defense are being worked out.

It is at Fort Monroe that for many years the government has had its national artillery school. This school is intended to supplement the work done at West Point. It is a post-graduate school of instruction. The course lasts two years, and is most thorough. All the coast defenses are in charge of the artillery branch of the army. The instruction at West Point is of a general character, and it is necessary to supplement it by special training to achieve skill in the handling of the defenses on the seaboard. The artillery in these posts must grapple with what may be called naval problems. This branch of the service must sink ships. That task explains of itself why the artillery school exists. There is no better place for it in the country than

Fort Monroe, overlooking, as it does, the sweep of Chesapeake Bay.

There are five regiments of artillery in the regular army, and four officers from each regiment are supposed to be at the school. These twenty officers study military engineering and topography, the science of artillery, ballistics, steam engineering, mechanical engineering, chemistry from the aspect of explosives, electricity and mining, telegraphy, photography, and the art of war in general. They go through an exhaustive review of the various topics. The teachers and lecturers are specialists from the army. When a young man has been graduated he is supposed to be an expert in the science of defensive operations in forts.

The pictures on another page give some idea of Fort Monroe as it is to-day. One of them shows Colonel Frank, the commandant. Another exhibits the process of mounting an old fifteen-inch gun—the kind that frowns from the ramparts of all our large forts. One of the most interesting pictures is that in the upper right-hand corner of the page. It shows a buoyant submarine mine. In the floating cylinder is placed a large amount of dynamite which is fired by electricity just as the hostile ship is passing over it. In most of these mines one hundred pounds of dynamite is placed. By a system of telescopic ranges the man operating a series of these mines knows just when to fire any one of them. He simply presses a button and the destruction of the ship will surely follow if his range position is correct. In these days of position-finders and range-indicators an error in fixing the exact location of any ship coming up a channel is practically an impossibility. Three or four rows of these buoyant submarine mines across a channel make any harbor practically safe. This government is comparatively well equipped with them, and in case of war the people need have little fear that any important harbor will be invaded.

Another picture shows an old fifteen-inch gun mounted on its carriage outside the stone fortification, and another shows three of them supplementing a water-battery. Another picture shows the old quarters formerly used by the officers of the garrison, but now given up to the troops. Another gives the interior of the chemical laboratory, where explosives are studied. Another shows the moat and some of the chambers where the powerful new water-batteries are to be placed. In another view we have an illustration of the discharge of a gun, with its projectile darting through the air.

The problem of co-operation between naval and army forces in time of battle has not yet been worked out fully. Lately the two branches of the service have adopted the same system of signaling. Other means of instant co-operation in harbor defense are being studied, and doubtless will be adopted soon. Fort Monroe is especially adapted for this kind of work. In one of the pictures two of our finest war-ships may be seen. They are the *New York* and the *Columbia*.

The New Monitor "Puritan."

THE new and formidable monitor *Puritan* was formally placed in commission last month, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Like others of the recently-completed vessels of her type—the *Miantonomoh*, *Monadnock*, *Amphitrite*, and *Terror*—the *Puritan* has been building for more than twenty years, having been laid down in 1875. These new monitors represent a considerable modification of the type of vessel for which they were originally intended; and this process of modernization during construction has been chiefly responsible for the delay in finishing them. They have been really rebuilt, under the guise of "repairs." The final result is an ironclad unsurpassed in fighting qualities. They have modern guns and armor, up-to-date engines, and twin screws.

The *Puritan* is a typical low freeboard, double-turreted monitor, presenting a redoubtable appearance that does not belie her strength as an engine of war. She carries two hundred officers and men.

The ceremony of putting the vessel in commission, which was witnessed by a crowd of patriotic spectators, was picturesquely significant. One hundred and fifteen blue-jackets, in muster uniforms, under Ensign Stone, marched on board, carrying their bags and hammocks, and were mustered aft by Lieutenant-Commander Selfridge, the executive officer, who is a brother of Rear-Admiral Selfridge. The band of the *Vermont* took position well aft on the quarter-deck, and two quartermasters stood by the halyards, ready to hoist the flag and the commission pennant. When the signal was given the bugler sounded colors, the drums were rolled, and as the flag was slowly hoisted the officers and men saluted. The band played "The Star-spangled Banner." Captain F. J. Higginson, the captain of the yard, then, turning to Captain John R. Bartlett, said: "Captain, the *Puritan* is now in commission, and I turn her over to your command." He then shook hands with the captain and wished him success.

Among the naval officers present were Captain Sands, of the *Columbia*; Captain Glass, of the *Texas*, and Commander West, chief aid on the staff of Commodore Sicard; as well as these officers of the *Puritan*: Lieutenants Simon Cook, Austin McKnight, W. B. Whittlesey; Ensign George L. P. Stone, Chief Engineer George Cowie, Paymaster Reale Frayer, Acting Gunner Frank Raischack, Acting Carpenter R. T. Sullivan, Pay-

master's Clerk E. S. Updike. Assistant Naval Constructor Frank Hibbs said that the *Puritan* was in fine condition, and the officers and men spoke in the highest terms of their quarters.

The Story of a Picture.

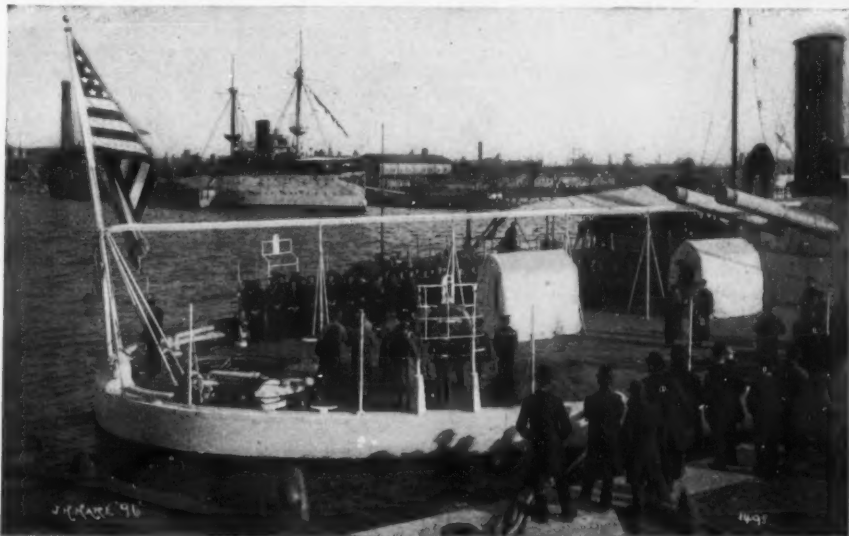
THE wildest dreams of fiction have often their parallels in truth and fact. This conviction sometimes bursts on one out of a prosaic *entourage*. The fascinating play of "The Corsican Brothers," with its strange psychological motive finally consummating itself in a most romantic *dénouement* of fraternal devotion and vengeance, would be about the last to suggest any immediate analogue in the real happenings of life. Yet just such a series of facts was called to the writer's attention while visiting friends in a popular suburb of New York not many months ago.

Among the pictures in the library was one of singular interest—a portrait of a young man in the midshipman's uniform of the American navy of the second decade of this century. While the treatment was not striking as a work of art, the face of the portrait, that of one scarcely more than a boy, was marked by a touching and wistful melancholy which at once fastened attention.

"Who is that?" I asked my hostess. "My great-uncle, Benjamin Price, who was killed in a duel at Weehawken about the year 1818," was the answer. "His tombstone may be seen in Trinity churchyard, in the family lot, to-day, and the whole story is a very strange and romantic one, for the first tragedy was followed by a second." As one could scarcely desire a more interesting divertissement to go with the post-prandial cigar, I settled myself to hear a recital which again illustrates that truth, if not stranger, is at least quite as strange, sometimes, as any fiction.

Benjamin Price, aged eighteen, a midshipman, who, young as he was, had seen service in many parts of the world, was the cadet of an excellent old New York family, an elder member of which, Stephen Price, was passionately devoted to his young brother. Stephen had expatriated himself for several years, and had become interested in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, London. One day in the spring of 1818 a strange premonition lay on him that something direful was then happening or about to happen, which would grip hard at his heart-strings. More than a month later the first American mail carried the news to him that young Benjamin Price had been killed in a duel by a British officer on the very day of the mysterious warning. Stephen then dedicated himself to a solemn vow of retribution. Unlike *Luis Dei Franchi*, in "The Corsican Brothers," he did not devote himself incessantly to the one task, but the vow was none the less registered in the book of fate. It seems that Benjamin Price, with his fiancée, Miss Catherine Schuyler, had occupied a box at the Park Theatre one night, adjacent to wherein sat two half-intoxicated English officers, who greatly admired the young lady's beauty. One of them insolently leaned over and touched the snowy nakedness shining between the end of the long glove and the shoulder. The result can be fancied. The immediate offender, when he fully realized next morning what he had done, was quite disposed to make ample apologies. But his companion, an arrogant bully whose name has come down to us as Wilson, insisted that, properly to show British contempt for the Yankees—a sentiment which at that time many an epauleted red-coat aped if he did not feel—the duel should go on. So Benjamin Price was shot through the lungs one sunrise at Weehawken.

When Stephen learned all the facts his hate and instinct of vengeance burned less against the man who had fired the deadly shot than against the Mephistopheles who had egged on the duel to its fateful termination. It was five years before he could finally track Wilson, who in the meanwhile had gone with his regiment to India shortly after he had returned to Halifax from his New York episode. The Englishman had retired from the service and was again traveling in the United States. Stephen Price, who discovered this through an agent, at once set sail for home, and contrived that they should meet at a dinner-party given by Chancellor Livingston. Perhaps Wilson did not recognize "the hour and the man" at first, but he certainly did



PUTTING THE "PURITAN" IN COMMISSION.
Copyright photograph by Hare.

when the mahogany was left to the men and the Madeira, and he felt the smart swish of a glove in the face, with the whisper in his ear, "I am Benjamin Price's brother." Wilson was shot dead two mornings after, not far from the place where he had previously acted the rôle of high priest at another devil's matin.

As I looked up at the young, beardless face hanging on the wall of that quiet room, amidst all the associations of modernity, I could not help thinking that our footsteps skirt the domain of romance and tragedy oftener than we know. G. T. FERRIS.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' FAIR AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Pepy's Ghost at the Drummers' Fair.

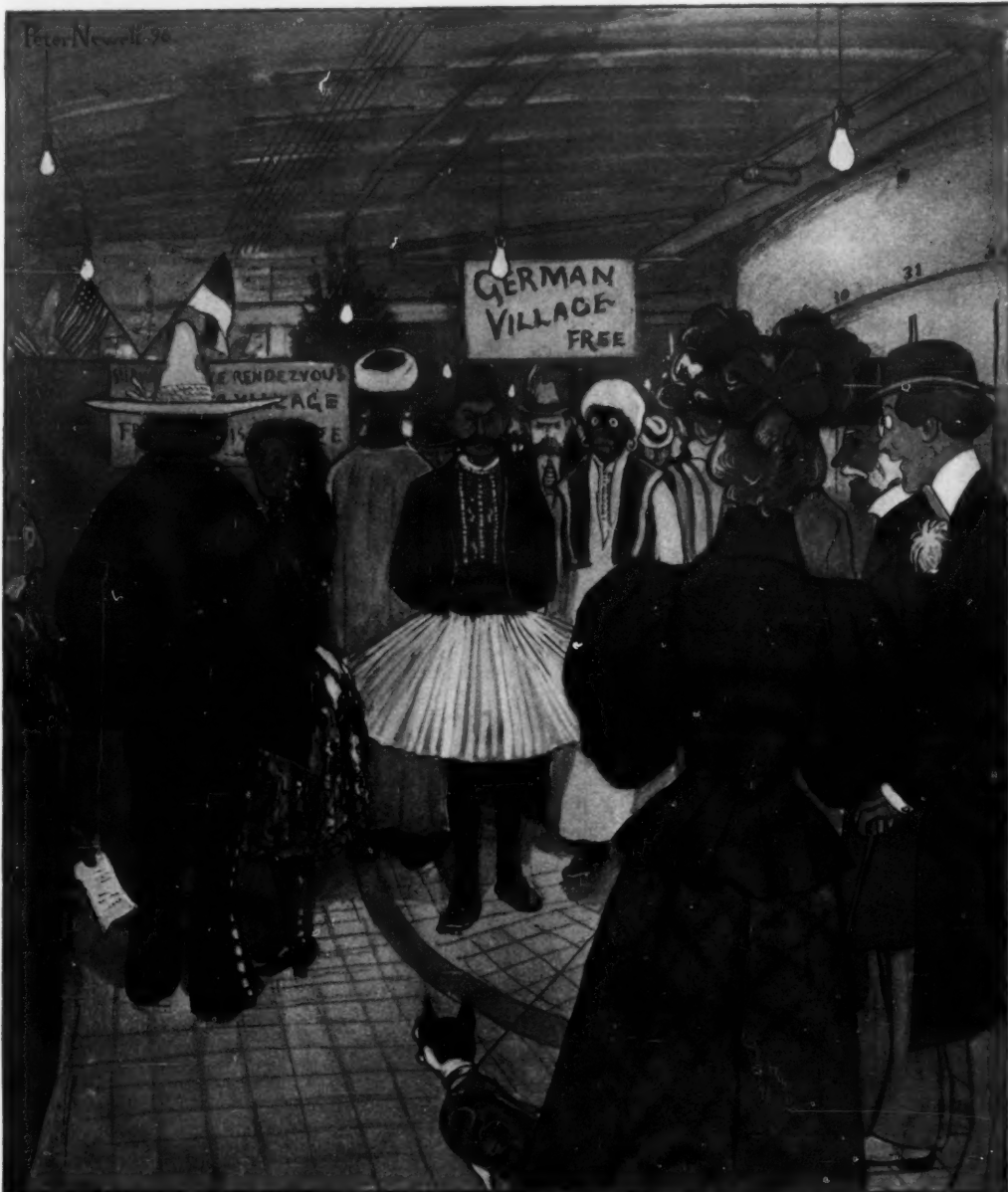
YULE-TIDE, 1896.—Blessed be God, at the end of this year, I find myself in very good health, without any sense of pain. In a good way and design now of sticking to my resolution to get a little Money withal, which God continue. So starteth the New Year.

Up betimes, this day, and to the city, to buy my boy a drum, having writ this and like errands very solemn on my wristband to appease my wife. To the grill and tap-room of the Lambs, vexed sorely by the snow and slush bespattering my new lacquered shoen, but there met with Robert Hilliard, the player, and John McIntyre, of the staff of Colonel Fellows, now dead these three weeks, who did prevail upon me to take my morning draught with them. I condoling very heartily with Mr. McIntyre upon his late ill-fortune at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, when the sworn-men see free his prisoner, Maria Barbella, the Italian morena, deeming her stark mad with the falling sickness when she did murder upon her false lover, after the Italian fashion, he laughs ruefully and says how he can call quits, now that he has both convicted and acquitted his prisoner, hearing her sentenced to be hanged and seeing her go free, each by due process of law; but demandeth my condolences rather for the coming great upheaval in the public Prosecutor's staff, upsetting so many merry gentlemen and their retainers, more than an hundred all told, and he with them. A sorry Christmas gift, indeed.

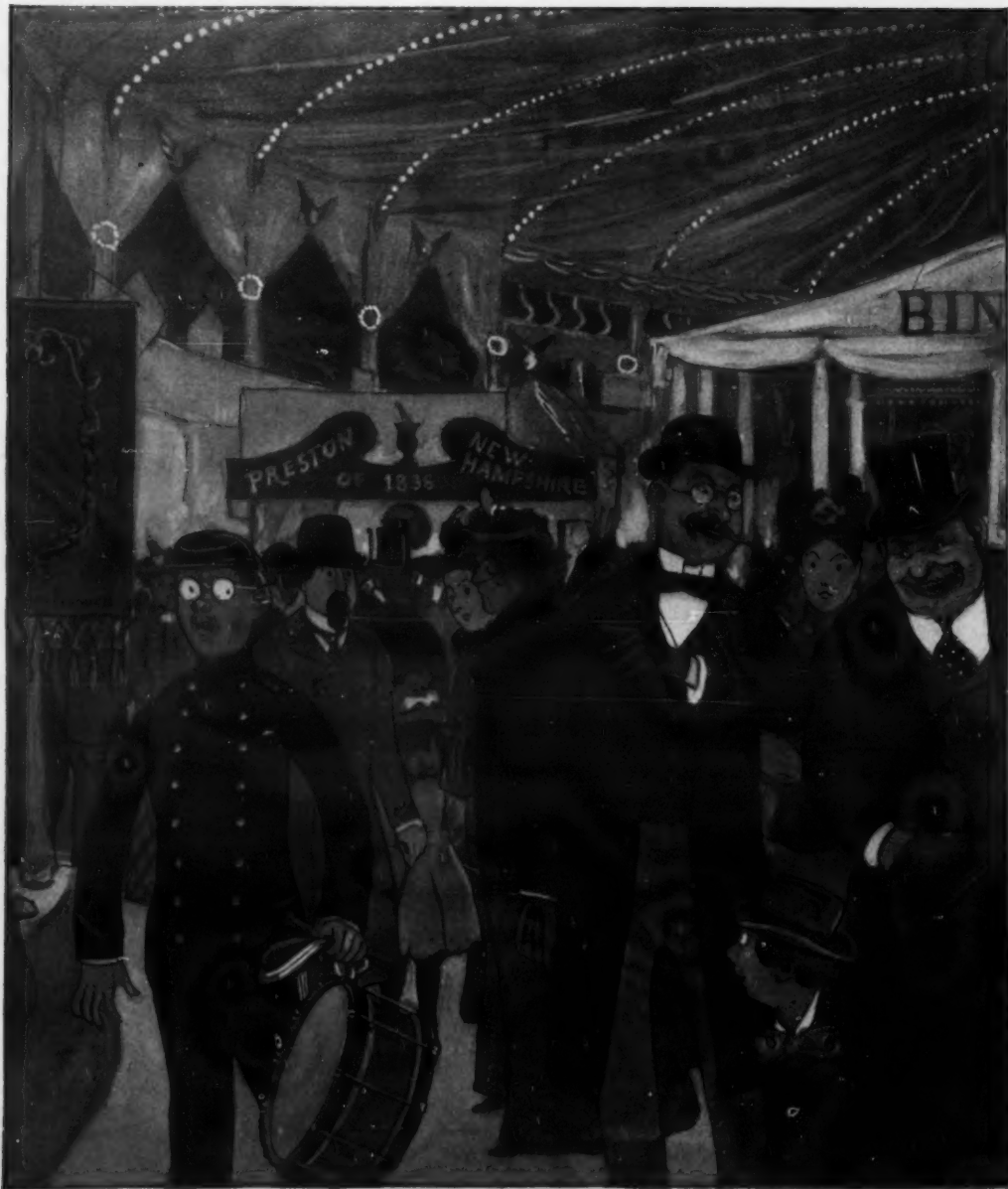
While thus we sat talking earnestly over a chine of beef, Bob Hilliard, waxing emphaticall, must needs spill a tankard of ale into my sleeve, and I much grieved to think I had worn my new coat with the long skirts and lining of sarcenet agaynst my wife's will, and so repenting and wiping the stains off with my kerchief, beheld of a sudden the words she had writ on my wristband and bethought me of my errand to buy a drum.

But the roystering play-actor, hearing me speak of drums, inviteth us to go to the drummers' fair in the Madison Square Garden, to make amends for my drenched sleeve, so that I could not say him nay, but were all agreed not to go til late, and so parted, they that way and I this.

Not knowing whither to go first, and withal loath to step in the wet streets, I took coach and so to the new coopers' shop with the fountain. Such hurly-burly, nor so many women and maydes did I never see, all pushing and jostling, each against each, very rude, with the shop wenches not minding them—no, not one bit—but discoursing and frolicking amongst themselves very freely. When I came upon the fountain, with the gilded sculpture therein, behold the basin was filled not with water, but with Yule bargains and shop-maydes selling them, all making a damned noise with calls and cries for errand-lads. Toyling up many stairways and turning many corners, did I at last come to the chamber of toys, very diverting and catch-penny, with sledges and trompettos heapwise, but no drums, all drums having long been sold.



THE SUBWAY PLAISANCE.



DRUMMERS ON THE MAIN FLOOR.

In high anger did I once more took coach and going from shop to shop did enquire earnestly for my drum, but was sore vexed to find no drums nowhere, with all the world mesemed mad to be drummers. To Wanamaker, the Quaker's shop, by Grace Church, where the wenches be very willing and civill, making no wry mouths at them they serve, and was led by one into the vaults below, where we found, indeed, a drum, the last to be had in ye town. Yet, after all my toyle and trouble, was I loath to quit the pretty shop-wench, until, sorely anhungered and athirst, I hied me to St. Denis's tavern across the way to sit at dinner with my friends.

After many stoups of hearty sack, and a worthy snack of venison, we very merry to the drummers' fair, I bearing mine own drum, as it were a payl of lard.

There found we a great throng, straying hither and thither to behold the daynties set forth in wonderful Pavilions and Booths, with rich store of laces and noble ribands, and all manner of finery, a sight what made me to long for my wife, that she might likewise look upon them, and so did buy her a box with Sandal wood and Spikenard, very dear. Elbowing onwards bravely, we met many friendly faces by the way, but stayed not, untill hard by the monstrous merry-go-round, gilded and passing strange, with chariots in place of hobby-horses, swaying and pitching forward like a lugger on the high seas, very tipsy. The others all hot for the venture, but I feathsome, yet feared more to be dubbed poltroon, and so clambered into the Hellish machine. Then were we cruelly racked and tossed about and suffered torment such as I never have had, no, not sith I crossed the channel when a lad, til we all crying out the machine was stayed and were suffered to put foot on ground, mighty glad to be out of it.

So meeting Stephen of Szinnnyey, one time a nobleman of Hongria, well known to me, he haileth us very heartily as the master of the Show, and enticeth us the erst while to stables most fancifully tricked out for a pleasure walk and very mayfair. with penny shows, Romaun jugglers, and sorcerers to right and left, yea even camels, dromedaries, cockatoos, and other wild beasts, with mock cities and taverns of Egypt, Ireland, and ye German Empire, all singing and noisy. Amongst them all ye loud crier of the Coney beech-fair, more loud and fiercer than ever, withal very persuading, who must needs follow for fondness of us, and soon bringeth us to ye pavilion of maydens, striving one against another for a pocket clock to be apprized to the comeliest, but none too pretty with all their wiles and pursing of lips, no place to tarry. With all haste away, a great crowd following, to the Punch & Judy playhouse, there to behold Yvette Guilbert, who singeth the naughty rhymes at the musique halls, selling away children's dolls, great and small, like unto a town crier or sheriff to the best bidder. And the French woman espying us spareth no pains to make us buy, pointing at us with many French quips and English too, till for very shame we must each buy his doll, none knowing what to do therewith, and so out and to some oysters at Delmonico's. Thence home and to bed very tired, which I seldom am.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



This drawing was made from a snapshot photograph taken by Mr. Dawley in Los Cruces.

SPANISH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH IN CUBA.—[See Page 10.]

Copyright, 1897, by Leslie's Weekly.

Romance of Two Raphaels.

THE joy of the jeweler at the renewal of monetary confidence is probably not one whit greater than that of the art dealer. Artists of every degree have had a very hard road to travel during the last year or so, even with all their Bohemian cleverness at loitering cheaply by the wayside. The picture-dealer has fared even worse, not only with the work of modern painters, but with those canvases of the old school which have hitherto been reckoned as good as gold, or better.

The easier money market has already put more life into many of these men, yet there are others who say that the numerous Raphaels and Rubenses, and so forth, which are promised for America this winter, have come too soon to find liberal purchasers.

They have not come too soon, however, to meet with a welcome from connoisseurs, nor yet from those who enjoy a touch of romance, even around a painting.

Raphael's "Virgin and Child," with "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, was brought over from France the other day by a man who came across in the steerage. His pride allowed him this humble means of reaching his promised land, but it will not, he declares, let him accept less than one hundred thousand dollars for his two pictures, in the selling power of which he appears to have every faith.

The other Raphael, "La Sainte Vierge," was the last painted by the master in Florence before leaving for Rome. It was pictured in the 1720 catalogue of the collection of the regent, but for more than a century and a half has been reckoned lost.

Count Ferlet de Bourbonne, a distinguished connoisseur of Burgundy, bought a fairly interesting bit of distemper at auction, one day, for five francs. In order to make the picture fit an old frame it was necessary to cut it. It was when scratching an outline upon the distemper that the painting beneath was discovered. A professional cleaner took his five-franc picture and returned him one said to be worth a very great sum.

This picture is now in Count Ferlet's gallery, where J. Wells Champney copied it last summer, but it is promised that it will be placed upon the American market during the winter.

FRANCES B. MERRILL.

Pictures of Cuban Actualities.

It was nearly two years ago (in February, 1895) that José Martí, Maximo Gomez, the Maceo brothers, and a few other Cuban patriots struck the first blow of the present revolution for Cuba Libre. The first year's campaign, and the military régime of General Martinez Campos, ended on Christmas Day, 1895, when "Spain's greatest general" was driven back into Havana, outgeneraled and defeated by the "mulattoes, adventurers, and guerrillas" whom he had come out with an army of two hundred thousand troops to crush. Weyler's late re-entry into Havana is a close repetition of that of his predecessor a year ago. Campos pointed to the death of Martí for his vindication. Weyler, figuratively speaking, drags at his chariot-wheels the dead body of the murdered Maceo, and claims a victor's triumph.

In the meantime it is noticeable that these Spanish triumphs are confined exclusively to the city of Havana and the Spanish official press. Not even the despotic censorship of that capital, however, can keep from the outside world the obvious fact that the insurgent armies are not only perfectly secure in their strongholds, but circulate at will throughout practically the whole island, in despite of Spanish trochas, fortifications, and marching columns. They have devastated the country in the immediate vicinity of the capital. Their principal field of military operations has been, and still is, the province of Pinar del Rio, at the western or Havana end of the island, and here some of the most important filibustering expeditions have safely landed.

We are presenting, from week to week, a series of authentic and recent photographic views showing the real condition and aspect of things in the interior of Cuba. The large drawing on page 9 shows a detachment of Spanish troops in Pinar del Rio, returning to their quarters in a deserted Cuban village, after an apparently unsuccessful sortie in search of the rebels. This picture is an enlarged reproduction of a photograph taken by Mr. Thomas R. Dawley, Jr., the famous correspondent and contributor to LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The number of Spanish troops in Cuba at the present time must be considerably more than two hundred thousand; but at least fifty thousand of them are on the disability list—some from wounds received in battle, but the vast majority from fevers, small-pox, and other sicknesses engendered by the climate. These Spanish soldiers, overwhelming as their number seems, barely suffice to hold the principal towns, seaports, and the trochas, or fortified lines. The trochas, indeed, have proved quite ineffective in their main purpose, which is to "hem in" the different sections of the insurgent armies and prevent their junction. It is needless to observe that both Gomez and Maceo have scorned these obstacles, from the first; and only last week large bodies of rebels—probably the main army of Gomez—were reported as having crossed the eastern trocha, in the province of Puerto Principe.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Paris.

THE average American visitor to Paris does not include the Young Men's Christian Association among his memoranda of things to be looked up in that proverbially gay and frivolous capital. It may interest, if not surprise, many readers to learn that an aggressive and flourishing branch of that organization exists there, having been founded more than forty years ago by Sir George Williams, of London, the father of the Young Men's Christian Association movement. Mr. James Stokes, of New York, was the first American patron of the Paris branch, which until 1867 occupied temporary quarters in partnership with the Anglo-American association. This partnership was dissolved when the Rev. Franklin Gaylord, of New York, went to Paris as the personal representative of Mr. Stokes, and infused some practical American energy into the work. The French association then took up independent quarters in the Faubourg Mont-

martre, and enlisted the interest and aid of prominent Parisians and Americans, among the latter Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Morris K. Jesup, and W. H. Parsons.

In 1889 the sum of two hundred thousand dollars was guaranteed for a new building, which was erected and dedicated in 1893, at No. 14 Rue de Trevise—in the heart of the bustling Montmartre district, and the vortex of the grand boulevards. This spacious and elegant home of the Young Men's Christian Association in Paris accommodates all the facilities for moral and physical culture and social amusement that characterize the organization's headquarters in our American cities.

So much for the equipment of the Paris Young Men's Christian Association. Now, what of its work? Paris is the most cosmopolitan of cities. It is not simply the "gay Paris" of the French; it is the world's capital of gayety. The eight hundred members of the Paris Young Men's Christian Association reflect its cosmopolitan character, for the membership includes the Swiss, German, English, Swedish, Danish, and Russian elements, with a few Armenians, Spaniards, and Italians.

The first great obstacle to Young Men's Christian Association work in Paris is, of course, the lax moral standard there prevailing. The atmosphere of the association is a pure atmosphere, and this of itself proves of great assistance in strengthening the moral purpose of the weak. The principles followed include strict attention to hygienic laws, harmonious physical development, and systematic exercise, out of doors as well as in the gymnasium. In this last regard association work is harder in Paris than probably anywhere else. The French are not fond of exercise. There has been, however, a change for the better, of late, which has been encouraged by the government.

As may be gathered from what has been said, American ideas dominate the work. But they are not in all cases followed rigidly. The association has found it very useful to serve an excellent *table d'hôte* dinner for twenty-five cents. The question came up as to whether light wines should be served with this dinner, and, by the common sense of Mr. Gaylord, who believed it unwise to challenge the universal sentiment of the country while trying to popularize a new institution, the decision was in the affirmative. But excellent filtered water was also served, and those who used it in place of wine were charged but twenty cents for their dinner. The proverbial French thrift was thus indirectly appealed to. The result is that now seventy-five young men who patronize the association are confirmed water drinkers.

This little incident illustrates the method which guides the Young Men's Christian Association work in Paris toward manliness and independence, as well as toward a broader Christianity. Those who see the new conditions reaching a constantly larger fulfillment feel great confidence of a success which few would have deemed possible in Paris, the capital of mere pleasure.

The Game of Hockey.

THE era of in-door skating will have attained during the season of 1896-97 its greatest prominence and brilliancy, its most popular approval, its most general adoption. In New York City, Brooklyn, and neighborhood; in Baltimore, in Philadelphia, in many cities of more or less note the country over, the delights of skating over an artificial ice surface perfect in its conformation, and in an atmosphere of agreeable temperature, have set the people skating-mad, and one is reminded in large measure of the roller-skating craze of several years ago.

The opportunities for enjoyment in one of these ice-palaces are innumerable. And not the least of these amusements is the game of Canadian hockey.

Less than a year ago this importation from the North was introduced to the metropolitan public, and in a twinkling its varied, brilliant, and captivating points of play engaged the earnest attention of a sport-loving people.

The promoters of the game were certain members of the St. Nicholas Skating Club of New York, and it was no sooner realized that the game had made a decided hit than steps were taken looking to the formation of an Amateur Hockey League.

Already several games have been played to large and enthusiastic audiences, and the finals will occur the last of March, 1897.

The St. Nicholas Club, of course, being the first in the field, are now, comparatively speaking, advanced in the science of the game. The New York Athletic Club, however, with their accustomed push in matters of athletic importance, has succeeded in getting a team together, composed for the most part of Canadians who were stars at home. These two clubs will likely fight

From start to close of play, hockey abounds in exciting incidents which tend to sustain interest to fever-heat point. One of these is shown in the accompanying illustration, caught by the snap-shot artist of LESLIE'S WEEKLY during a practice game at the St. Nicholas rink.

The features of the game, and which render it so popular, are continuous play, stops only being made for fouls; the lightning speed of the players, who flash up and down the playing surface, creating exciting situations every minute and in ever-changing places; the deft manipulation of the puck (a circular piece of india-rubber three inches in diameter and an inch thick); the body checking; and the holding under restraint of players by a comprehensive set of rules

which seek to eliminate rough play and define the various points of the game in such a way as to allow of high scientific development of the play.

To-day critics agree in pronouncing the game of hockey a leading winter's sport.

W. T. BULL.

The New Papal Delegate to the United States.

ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI, who replaces Cardinal Satolli as the Pope's representative in this country, has met with a welcome from the American Catholics which appears to be as cordial and sincere as were the leave-takings with his distinguished predecessor. The situation was, in a sense, a parlous and delicate one for both, because of the feeling of suspense which followed the removal of Bishop Keane, the rector of the Catholic



ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI.
Photograph by Bell.

University at Washington. The events in this relation, during the past two or three months, are familiar to the public, and need not be reviewed here. The order from Rome for Bishop Keane's retirement was in form complimentary to him, and in keeping with the rotation policy favored at the Vatican in regard to such offices. Still, those not understanding this considered the action of the Pope to be peremptory and arbitrary. There was, therefore, some feeling engendered toward the Papal delegate at Washington. It appears, however, that the presence of Monsignor Martinelli has been coincident with a general calming down in the church. At any rate, the expressions of independence and the "American spirit" with relation to Rome are less aggressive and not so openly uttered in ecclesiastical circles.

The new Papal delegate has visited the United States once before, in his former capacity of head of the Augustinian order of monks. He is, in consequence, at home with the general customs and conditions prevailing here. Moreover, he possesses the advantage of knowing perfectly the English language.

Fame.

Soon after Eugene Field died I heard one of his enthusiastic admirers declare that he was the greatest of American poets. I said, "Nonsense!" "Well," he insisted, after a moment's reflection, "he was the greatest American dialect poet."

"Surely," I said, "you would not place him near James Whitcomb Riley?"



HOCKEY IN THE ST. NICHOLAS RINK.
Photograph by Burton.

Then he got up out of his chair and came and stood before me. "Madam," he said, with much dignity and some pity, "Eugene Field wrote one poem that is worth all Riley has written." "Oh," I said, sweetly, "what was it?" "The Old Swamin' Hole!"

Now, that is one place to laugh, but if you'll read along patiently you'll come to another.

A few days later I told the above story at an afternoon tea. After we had all laughed more hilariously than is usual on such funereal occasions as afternoon teas, a voice arose from somewhere—a feminine voice—saying, with a note of reproach:

"Well, I think Eugene Field did write one poem worth all of Riley's."

There was a silence. Then some one asked, weakly: "What was that?"

"Why, the one about the 'gobble-uns gittin' you ef you don't watch out.'"

ELLA HIGGINSON.

Ancona, the Baritone.

AMONG the members of the Metropolitan Opera Company none is more universally popular than Signor Ancona, whose fine baritone voice and artistic taste have won for him repeated triumphs during the past three seasons. His greatest successes have been as *Tonio* in "I Pagliacci," *Alphonso* in "La Favorita," *Valentine* in "Faust," *le Toreador* in "Carmen," *Nerens* in "Les Huguenots," *Alfo* in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and *Germont* in "La Traviata."

"It was entirely thro h chance that I became an opera



SIGNOR ANCONA.
Copyright by Aimé Dupont.

singer," said Signor Ancona to the writer, the other day. "At the outset of my career I intended to enter the Italian consular service, but a friend who had heard me sing at private entertainments *en amateur* persuaded me to seek out a teacher and ask his advice. I did so. The teacher said: 'My dear M. Ancona, there is little I can teach you. Your voice is admirably suited to grand opera. All I can do is to show you how to use the gift nature has bestowed on you.' So I decided to embrace the artistic career. I studied in Milan under Signor Cima for eight months and then made my debut. That is exactly seven years ago."

Signor Ancona speaks excellent English, acquired while at college in Italy, and takes a lively interest in all local matters—political, social, or artistic.

"I like your theatres very much," he said. "No matter what the play, or by whom played, I always find much that is excellent. I am most impressed by the admirable manner in which your productions are staged. Everything goes so smoothly. Also, how lavish your managers are. They think nothing, I am told, of spending ten thousand dollars on a single play. In



JUDGE MARTIN L. STOVER.

Europe, and especially in Italy, no manager would dream of spending one-fifth that amount on a new production. And no doubt our economical system is the better one. A manager does not feel inclined to make many experiments if so much capital is at stake; whereas if the cost is trifling he can afford to encourage the playwrights by frequent productions."

"Which of our actors have you seen?"

"Nearly all the more prominent. I was delighted with the artistic work done by the Bostonians, whose chief, Mr. Barnabee, is a dear friend of mine. I think it is highly creditable to the American theatre-going public that so thoroughly artistic an organization as this can be a financial success. I was also charmed by Miss Lulu Glaser, Francis Wilson's leading lady. I told Miss Glaser that with her talent she was wasting her time in opera bouffe, and that if she went to Paris and studied for a few years under Marchesi there is no reason why she should not win laurels as a grand-opera singer."

"I understand you know Gabriel D'Annunzio, the young Italian novelist whose audacious books are arousing so much discussion."

"I know him intimately, and I don't know him at all. That sounds paradoxical, but it is the case with all his friends. D'Annunzio is a man apart in the human herd. He is a genius, with all the nervous disorders and eccentricities peculiar to genius. You meet him at all the literary gatherings, and he is always isolated, pensive, melancholy. He confides in no one. Each of his books is supposed to be the recital of one of his *grandes passions*—as, for instance, the tragic love of George and Hippolyte in 'The Triumph of Death,' but none of us knows exactly who the woman is."

A. H.

Millions of Money.

In the Government Bureau of Printing and Engraving, at Washington, the destruc-

tion of millions of dollars in paper money is going on a most continuously.

This statement does not refer to the waste and extravagance in the administration of the department, which we are liable to hear about through the organs of the political party out of office. It means simply that the ordinary wear and tear of circulation necessitates the constant replacement of our paper currency of various denominations. A ceaseless volume of worn, torn, patched, and greasy banknotes flows into the Treasury Department, and every one of these old bills has to be made good by a corresponding "long green," fresh and crisp from the printing-presses that can strike off two million or three million dollars in a day. Of course, the ringing out of the old is equally important with the ringing in of the new, hence the systematic care exercised in the destruction of those returned prodigals, the worn-out notes.

The paper money returned to the Treasury Department to be thus redeemed is counted, cut in half, punched, and finally sent to the macerator, which is in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. It is escorted thither by responsible Treasury officials, who see it placed in the macerating machine, where it is ground for two days. The result is a mass of greenish-

gray pulp, which goes to the paper-mills to be converted into heavy wrapping-paper. Some of it is moulded into various fanciful forms and sold as souvenirs of a visit to the most popularly interesting of all the government bureaus that are open to the public. The fascination that is inherent in tangible "millions of money" clings to the papier-mâché model of the Washington Monument that may be bought in the shops for a few cents.

Judge Martin L. Stover.

THE calendar of the Supreme Court in New York is so crowded that it is necessary to add to the strength of that court by assigning judges to sit in it from the interior districts. The making of such assignments rests in the appellate division of the Supreme Court, the members of which are named by the Governor. In the recent assignments Judge Martin L. Stover, of Amsterdam, in Montgomery County, was called to the city. He has achieved a notable success, for he has shown an uncommon ability to dispatch business quickly without in the least slurring it. Besides this, he has shown a most pleasant courtesy to the members of the Bar, and has not in the least found it necessary, as is not unfrequently the case, to be bumptious in order to maintain the solemn dignity of the court. Better, however, than these purely personal characteristics, Judge Stover shows that he knows the law. He is still a young man, and this is his first term on the Bench.

ROYAL

The absolutely pure
BAKING POWDER.

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



THE MACERATION OF OLD MONEY IN THE TREASURY.

Our Players.

JEAN DE RESZKÉ will be heard again this season as *Tristan*, which rôle he will sing in German. It is seriously open to question whether art is the gainer by having singers whose methods are essentially French sing in a tongue so foreign to their own temperaments. Wagner's music is universal; it is equally beautiful in any language. It may, perhaps, be conceded that



COUNTRESS EULONI CASTLEVÉCHIO.

the cold, calm German temperament is better suited to the Wagner characters than the warm, passionate Latin tongues, but it is surely better for a singer to sing in the tongue in which he is most at home than in another, which is foreign to him. Melba is to try *Brünnhilde* also in German this season, and those who have heard the rehearsals shake their heads significantly. It is to be hoped that Mr. Grau will give *Leonecavallo's* beautiful opera, "I Pagliacci," this season. The only obstacle in the way, I believe, is that he has no tenor for the part of *Canio*. Jean de Reszké has refused to sing the part, and perhaps wisely. It is one of the best acting parts in the whole operatic repertoire.

Madame Calvé's popularity with opera-lovers has in nowise diminished. As before, *Carmen* is the part in which she excels,



MADAME METHOT, THE NEW SOPRANO.

although it is impossible to conceive of a finer interpretation than she gives of the part of *Santuzza* in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Reproduced here is a new portrait of Madame Calvé attired for the title part of Jules Massenet's opera, "Herodiade," which was to have been sung here this season.

Among the arts connected with the theatre, few are more difficult than the art of "make-up," or the art of concealing one's own personality and appearing as a totally different individual. We publish this week a photograph showing the remarkable "make-up" achieved by the Countess Euloni Castlevéchio, an actress who is known in theatrical circles as Miss Oldcastle. Last year this lady was a member of W. A. Brady's "Trilby" company, with which she played *Madame Vinon*. This gave her an opportunity to study the "make-up" of *Scengali*, and this enabled her to arrive at this perfect imitation. As may be seen by referring to the two portraits, the woman's identity is absolutely submerged.

Louise Beaudet has always been a great local favorite, and Mr. Hammerstein did well in securing her for Olympia. Her song, "Une, Deux, Trois," is encored half a dozen times nightly.

"Rosemary" has at last come to the end of its successful run at the Empire, and the mustacheless John Drew has gone with the comedy to reap more dollars on the road. In this dainty little piece Mr. Drew does the best work of which he has yet shown himself to be capable. In the last act of the play particularly, where he appears as an old man of ninety, Mr. Drew shows not only that he can act, but that he is an adept in the art of "make-up."

When the Camilla Urso Concert Company starts on its Western tour Madame Methot will accompany the organization as soprano soloist. During the short time that she has been before the public Madame Methot has been remarkably successful. As is well known, she is a pupil of the famous Marchesi, of Paris,



COUNTRESS CASTLEVÉCHIO "MADE UP" AS "SVENGALI."

who prophesied a brilliant future for her. She is a young and handsome woman, as the accompanying portrait shows, and has a good stage presence and an excellent voice of rich quality and extensive range. Madame Methot is a daughter of Professor Long, who was for many years president of the Chaddock College, at Quincy, Illinois, and through him the singer is a niece of the great tenor, Theodore Wachtel.

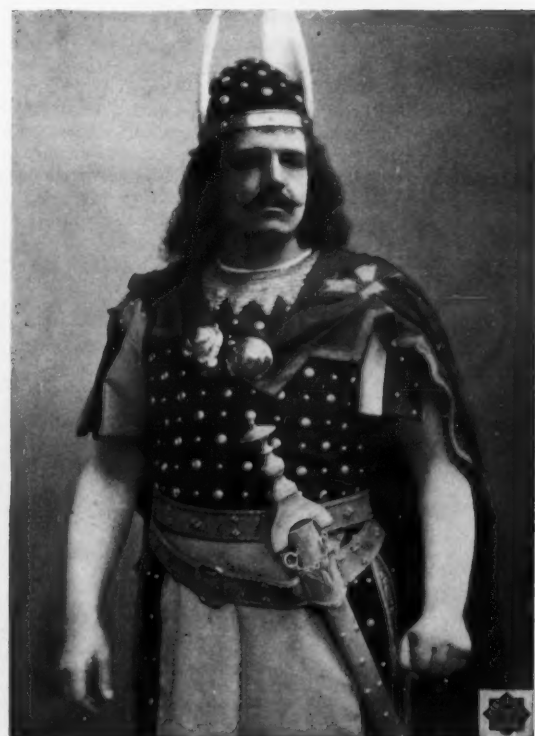
Augustin Daly deserves the gratitude of every lover of the theatre for the lavish and artistic manner in which he presents Shakespeare on the stage. He has recently revived "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing," and both performances were thoroughly delightful. Apart from Miss Ada Rehan, who is without a rival in the lighter Shakespearean comedy rôles, the individual members of the Daly company were all excellent, and particularly Charles Richman, a young actor whom,



EMMA CALVÉ IN MASSENET'S OPERA, "HERODIADE."

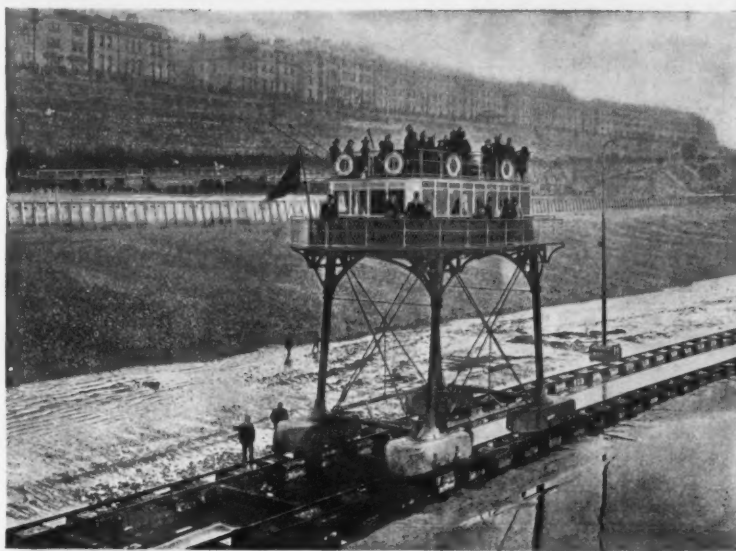
a year ago, no one would have suspected of being able to play *Benedick* or *Orlando* respectably. That Mr. Daly has been able to achieve this result with the raw materials Mr. Richman offered, speaks eloquently of his genius for stage direction, and it also reflects much credit on Mr. Richman, who has been willing to submit to the necessary, yet wearisome, moulding process, instead of yielding to the many temptations that offer for acquiring less substantial and enduring fame as leading man of some irresponsible company on the road.

ARTHUR HORNBLLOW.

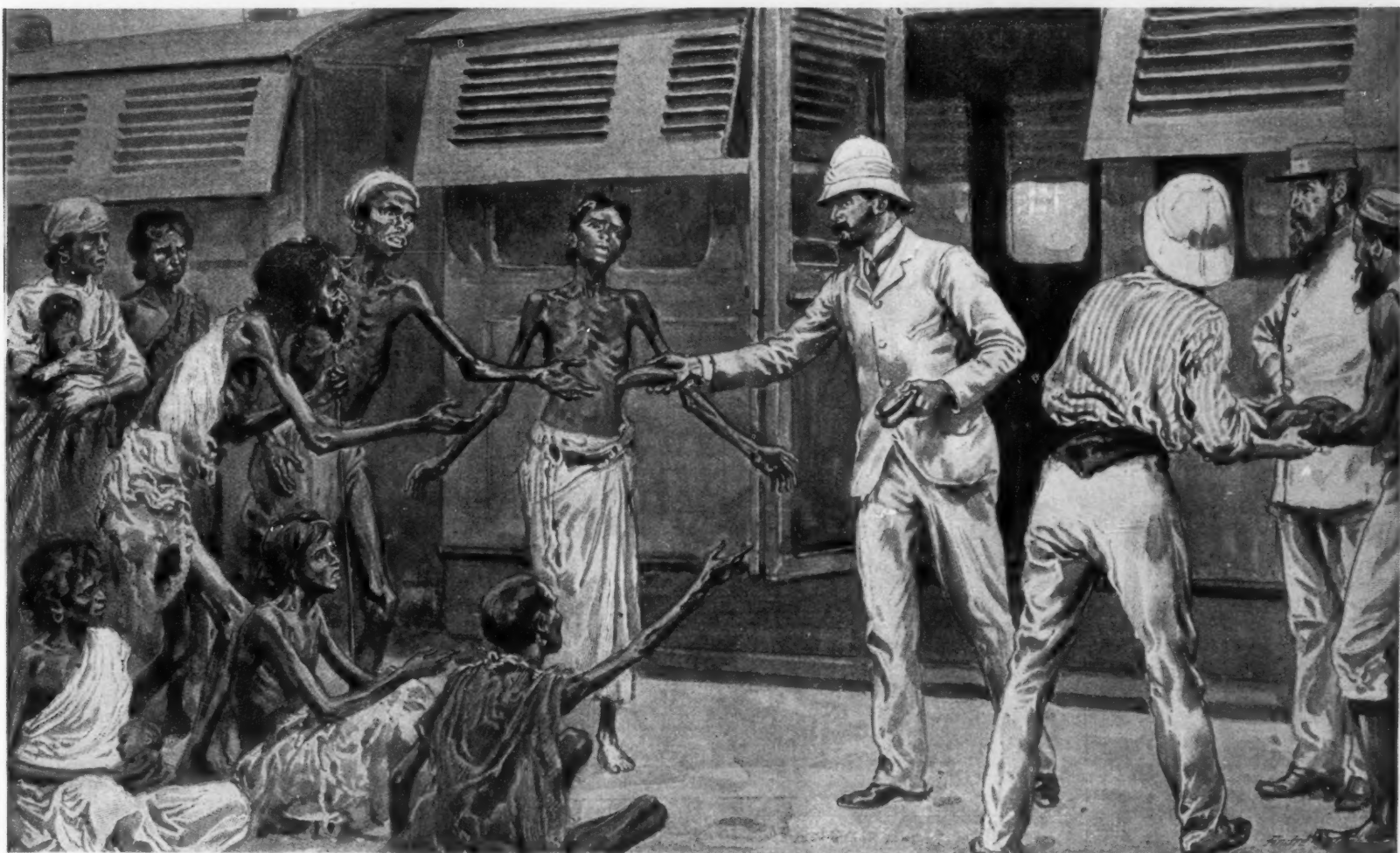
JOHN DREW.
Photograph by Pach Brothers.LOUISE BEAUDET.
Photograph by Falk.JEAN DE RESZKÉ AS "TRISTAN."
Copyright photograph, 1897, by Aimé Dupont.



In a recent heavy storm at Brighton, England, the visitors to the pier were cut off from the shore.
THE PIER AT BRIGHTON IN A STORM.—*The Graphic*.



This railroad is built on the shore so that at high tide the rails are submerged many feet.
THE SEASHORE RAILWAY AT BRIGHTON.—*St. Paul's*.



THE FAMINE IN INDIA—PASSENGERS BY THE BOMBAY MAIL BUYING AND DISTRIBUTING BREAD TO STARVING PEASANTS AT A COUNTRY STATION ON THE EAST INDIAN RAILWAY.
The Graphic.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THEIR CHILDREN.—*Illustrated London News*.



Breaking the first ground for the great industrial exhibition at the beginning of the new century.
THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.—*L'Monde Illustre*.

WINTER sign hung out at a suburban wheel-
man's (and wheelwoman's) resort:

SUMMER GARDEN
Removed Inside
FOR THE WINTER.

Here is one from Little Italy:

FRUIT
and BANANAS.

The Sohmer Piano received the first medal of merit
and diploma of honor at the Centennial Exhibition.
It has the endorsement of the leading artists in the
United States and foreign countries.

AMUSEMENTS.

DALY'S THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinees at 2.
and the reappearance of Miss ADA REHAN
THE GEISHA Tues., Thurs., Sat.

KOSTER & BIAL'S.
Only Music Hall in America.
Until January 16th. YVETTE GUILBERT
and Great Vaudeville Stars.
JANUARY 18TH, LA BELLE OTERO.

5th THEATRE Evenings 8.15.
H. C. MINER Only Mat. Saturday.
BEGINNING MONDAY, WM. CRANE, Prop'r. and Manager.
NOV 23, in Martha Morton's new play.
A FOOL OF FORTUNE.

No Christmas and New Year's table should be with-
out a bottle of the world-renowned Dr. Siegert's An-
gostura Bitters.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of
mothers for their children while teething, with perfect
success. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best reme-
dy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part
of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

DORRINE'S Floating-Borax Soap is the only floating
soap that contains borax. For toilet or laundry use it
is incomparable. A perfect soap for all uses. Try it
once, you'll use it always. Order of your grocer. Red
wrapper.

The genuine is always best. Abbott's Original An-
gostura Bitters is the only genuine. Aids digestion.
All druggists, grocers, and wine merchants.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how
to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and
remove scalp diseases. Address: Altemheim Medical
Dispensary, Dep't E. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 4711 EAU DE COLOGNE

**Strength and Purity,
combined with
Remarkable
Delicacy**

The most refined
Perfume, and to-day
the Standard in all
civilized countries.

WHOLESALE AGENTS: MULHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK.

LEGAL NOTICES.

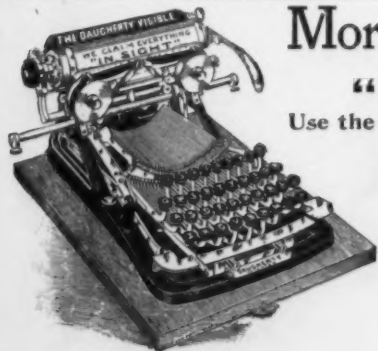
ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVER-
TISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing
on the 15th day of December, 1896, and continuing
therein consecutively for nine (9) days there-
after, of the confirmation and entry of the assess-
ment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to
the following named street in the 12th WARD:
134th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and
the Boulevard.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller,
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptrol-
ler's Office, December 18th, 1896.

OCCULT FORCES. 30c. Some secrets of suc-
cess, 130 pages, 10c. Prof. Anderson, W. L. 17, Ma-
sonic Temple, Chicago.

"WALTER BAKER & Co., of Dorchester, Mass.,
U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful
preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have de-
vised machinery and systems peculiar to their meth-
ods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability,
and highest nutrient characteristics are retained.
Their preparations are known the world over and
have received the highest endorsements from the
medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent
housekeeper and caterer. There is hardly any food-
product which may be so extensively used in the
household in combination with other foods as cocoa
and chocolate; but here again we urge the impor-
tance of purity and nutrient value, and these im-
portant points, we feel sure, may be relied upon in
Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate."—Dietetic and Hy-
gienic Gazette.

The Gulf coast on the Louisville and Nashville
Railroad, between Mobile and New Orleans, pro-
vides a chain of winter resorts equal in every respect
in climate and healthfulness to Florida or Califor-
nia; easier of access and in close juxtaposition to
principal commercial centres of the South. Write
for a copy of "Gulf Coast" to C. P. Atmore, Gen-
eral Passenger Agent, Louisville, Kentucky.



More People than Ever

Use the "Daugherty-Visible"
TYPEWRITER.

PRICE, \$75.00 Have you seen it?
Costs only Express
Charges. Has everything in sight—writ-
ing works and all. Write for Catalogue.

DAUGHERTY TYPEWRITER CO.,
P. O. Box 14, KITTANNING, PA.

STEINWAY

Pre-eminently the best Pianos made; ex-
ported to and sold in all art centres of the
globe, and endorsed and preferred for private
and public use by the greatest artists and
scientists. Illustrated Catalogues mailed
free upon application.

STEINWAY & SONS, 107-111 E. 14th St.,
NEW YORK.

Ask the mothers
who have used this
soap they will tell
you it's best for the
soft, deli-
cate skin
of the baby—and as for
the complexion of
adults, delightful
for the face, neck
and arms.
Sold by druggists. 2

**TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON**

A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenges,
very agreeable to take, for
Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.
E. GRILLON,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.

**Arnold
Constable & Co.**
Underwear.
Men's Winter Underwear.
Ladies' and Children's Underwear.
Hosiery.
Golf and Bicycle Hose.
Ladies' Cardigan Jackets.
"Dent and Fournes"
Riding and Driving Gloves.
UMBRELLAS.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

A RARE CHANCE.

The owner of a tract of forty acres, north of and in
line of New York City's growth, has authorized me to
dispose of it.ripe for subdivision into high-grade villa
plots, or would make an ideal country-seat. Price, \$60,
000. Other property might be accepted in part pay-
ment, or terms to suit. For further information address
J. W. Doolittle, 171 Broadway, New York.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School,
Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

Send your name for a Souvenir
of the Works of Eugene Field,
FIELD & FLOWERS
The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the cen-
tury. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of bloss-
oms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's
Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most
beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Hand-
somely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's
greatest artists as their contribution to the Mon-
ument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the
great artists this book could not have been manufac-
tured for \$7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent
prepaid on receipt of \$1.10. The love offering to
the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Com-
mittee to create a fund to build the Monument
and to care for the family of the beloved poet.
Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

A VERY POPULAR CALENDAR.

Few people in these busy days are willing to live
without a calendar to mark the passing of time. This
fact, no doubt, accounts for the calendars of all kinds,
colors, shapes, and sizes which flood the mails at this
season. Among them all the one that best suits us is
that issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, the "Keeping Ever-
lastingly At It" newspaper advertising agents of Phil-
adelphia. We have just received our new copy, and
are fixed for 1897. It is not difficult to see why this
calendar is so great a favorite. The figures on it are
large enough to be read across a room; its handsome
appearance makes it worthy of a place in the best fur-
nished office or library, while it is business-like all the
way through. The publishers state that the demand
for this calendar has always exceeded the supply.
This led them years ago to place upon it a nominal
price—twenty-five cents, on receipt of which it is sent,
postpaid, and securely packed, to any address.

**PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.**

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVER-
TISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing
on the 30th day of November, 1896, and continuing
therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of
the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Cor-
rection of Assessments and Entry in the Bureau of
Assessors of the following Assessments for local im-
provements in the respective wards herein designated:
FIRST WARD—GOVERNOR LANE, PAVING
AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Water Street
to South Street; WALL STREET, PAVING AND
LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Pearl and South
streets.

THIRD WARD—GREENWICH STREET, BASIN,
southeast corner of Fulton Street.

FOURTH WARD—JAMES SLIP, PAVING, be-
tween Cherry and South streets.

ELEVENTH WARD—SIXTH STREET, SEWER
OUTLET, between East River and Avenue D.
TWELFTH WARD—BOULEVARD, LAFAYETTE
AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH
STREET, CROSSWALK, at their junction with the
west side of Eleventh Avenue; CATHEDRAL PAR-
WAY, SEWER, between Columbus and Amsterdam
avenues; EIGHTH AVENUE, SEWER, between One
Hundred and Fiftieth and One Hundred and Fifty-
third streets, with BRANCH SEWERS in One Hun-
dred and Fifty-first and One Hundred and Fifty-second
streets.

FIFTH AVENUE, SEWERS, between Ninetieth
and Ninety-eighth streets; MARGINAL STREET,
SEWER, between One Hundred and Seventh and
One Hundred and Tenth streets, with BRANCHES
in One Hundred and Seventh, One Hundred and
Eighty, and One Hundred and Ninth streets, be-
tween Marginal Street and First Avenue; NINETEEN-
EIGHTH STREET, REGULATING, REGRADING,
CURBING, AND FLAGGING, between Third and
Park avenues; NINETEEN-EIGHTH AND NINETEEN-
NINTH STREETS, BASINS, on the northwest and
southwest corners of Lexington Avenue; NINETEEN-
NINTH STREET, SEWER, between Riverside and
West End avenues; ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR-
TEENTH STREET, SEWER, between Amsterdam
Avenue and Morningside Avenue, West; ONE HUN-
DRED AND THIRTIETH STREET, SEWER, be-
tween Convent Avenue and St. Nicholas Terrace;
TWO HUNDRED AND THIRD STREET, REGULAT-
ING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from
Amsterdam Avenue to Harlem River; TWO
HUNDRED AND EIGHTH STREET, REGULAT-
ING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from
Amsterdam Avenue to Harlem River; NINETEEN-
SIXTH STREET, PAVING, between Park and Fifth
avenues.

FIFTEENTH WARD—FIFTH AVENUE, SEWER,
between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

SIXTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, TWENTIETH,
AND TWENTY-FIRST WARDS—TWENTY-THIRD
STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between North River
and Tenth Avenue; also, SEWER in Eleventh Ave-
nue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh
streets; also, SEWER in Thirteenth Avenue, east
side, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth
streets.

EIGHTEENTH WARD—FIFTEENTH STREET,
SEWER, between First and Second avenues;
EIGHTEENTH STREET, BASIN, north side, at
Avenue C.

NINETEENTH WARD—SEVENTY-SIXTH
STREET, SEWER, between Park and Madison ave-
nues; EIGHTIETH STREET, BASIN, northeast
corner of Madison Avenue.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—CEDAR PLACE,
SEWER, between Eagle and Cauldwell avenues;
FOREST AVENUE, REGULATING, GRADING,
CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSS-
WALKS, between Home Street and One Hundred
and Sixty-eighth Street; FOREST AVENUE,
BASIN, southeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-
fifth Street; FOREST AVENUE, BASIN, northeast
corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street;
FULTON AVENUE, BASIN, northeast corner of
One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street; BEACH
AVENUE, SEWER, between One Hundred and
Forty-ninth Street and the street summit south of
One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street; JEROME
AVENUE, BASIN, west side, opposite One Hun-
dred and Sixty-fourth Street; on the southeast cor-
ner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; on the
west side, opposite McClellan Street (Endrow Place),
and on the northeast corner of Clark Place; ONE
HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET, REGULAT-
ING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from
Railroad Avenue west to Morris Avenue; ONE
HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH STREET, REGU-
LATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND
LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Morris Avenue to
Railroad Avenue, West; RAILROAD AVENUE,
WEST, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING,
FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from
Morris Avenue to One Hundred and Sixty-fifth
Street; ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH
STREET, PAVING, between Mott and Rider ave-
nues.

TWENTY-THIRD AND TWENTY-FOURTH
WARDS—INTERVALE AVENUE, SEWER, from
Southern Boulevard to Wilkins Place.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—ONE HUNDRED
AND SEVENTY-NINTH STREET, SEWERS, be-
tween Valentine and Third avenues; PELHAM
AVENUE, SEWER, extension to Vanderbilt Ave-
nue, west; PELHAM AVENUE, SEWER, from
Webster Avenue to Lorillard Place; PELHAM AV-
ENUE, BASIN, north side, east of New York and
Harlem Railroad; ST. PAUL'S PLACE, BASIN,
northeast and northwest corners of Third Avenue;
THIRD AVENUE, SEWER, from One Hundred and
Seventy-first Street to Westchester Avenue; VAN-
DERBILT AVENUE, EAST, SEWER, between One
Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street and Tremont Ave-
nue; also, SEWER in Tremont Avenue, between
Vanderbilt Avenue, east, and Third Avenue; also,
SEWERS in Washington and Bathgate avenues, be-
tween Tremont Avenue and One Hundred and Sev-
enty-eighth Street; WEBSTER AVENUE, BASIN,
northwest corner of One Hundred and Sixty-seventh
Street, and on the east side of Webster Avenue, op-
posite One Hundred and Seventy-second Street.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller,
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptrol-
ler's Office, December 4th, 1896.



No Home is Really Complete Without a New 1897 Model
Washburn Guitar, Mandolin,
Banjo or Zither.

Prices have been scaled down as a result of the
Washburn's enormous popularity, so that now you
can buy a genuine Washburn of the very latest design
From \$15.00 Upward.

The new Washburn Mandolin is a radical depart-
ure from former styles. It is the neatest, daintiest and
lightest Mandolin imaginable, and its tone approaches
very close to that of a fine old Cremona Violin. Wash-
burns are sold at fixed and uniform prices by all first-
class music dealers everywhere.

Washburns are the acknowledged standard of the
world. They are used exclusively by the leading Art-
ists, Teachers and Glee Clubs. Our new Washburn
catalogue, containing portraits of over 100 Artists and
full information, prices, endorsements, etc., will be
sent free upon receipt of application. If your local
dealer cannot supply you we will send Washburns
C.O.D., with privilege of examination, direct from
the factory.

A Washburn improves with age and makes
a Gift that increases in value as the years go
by. It is really worth many times its cost.

LYON & HEALY,
Cor. Wabash Av. & Adams St., Chicago.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrival-
ed situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel
with Americans. Every modern improvement.

Within the reach of all.
ACCIDENT TICKETS.
THE INTER-STATE
Casualty Company of New York
gives SIX MONTHS' insurance,
\$1,000 for \$1.00,
to Men or Women

between 18 and 60 years of age, against accidental
death.
\$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Depart-
ment of the State of New York for the security
of the insured.

For Sale at
LANSING'S TICKET OFFICES,
307 Broadway, New York.

BIG FOUR ROUTE
—TO—
WESTERN and SOUTHERN
POINTS.

Through Sleeping Cars from
New York and Boston to Cincinnati, In-
dianapolis and St. Louis

—VIA—
Boston & Albany R. R., New York Central to Buffalo
L. S. & M. S. Ry. to Cleveland, Big Four Route
to Destination.

ELEGANT CONNECTIONS
With all Trunk Lines in New York and New
England. Ask for Tickets via BIG FOUR ROUTE.

E. O. McCORMICK, D. B. MARTIN,
Pass. Traffic Manager. Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
BIG FOUR ROUTE, CINCINNATI, O.

TEAS
Send this "ad." and 10c.
in stamps and we will
mail you 1/2 lb. of any
kind of Tea you may se-
lect. The best imported.
Good Teas and Coffees,
25c. per lb. We will
send 5 pounds of FINE
This is a special offer.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 289.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.
Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cautions help when all else fails
as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard.
Send to F. H. Knox, Care, 505 E. 11th St., N. Y., for Book and Proof FREE

White Shirts

—unlau-
ndered, for
men and
boys, at
63 Cents
Our justly
celebrated
"Great
Wonder"
White Shirt,
at this price, is one
of the greatest offer-
ings ever made. It is
made of excellent
white muslin and
has an all-linen bosom,
fits accurately
and launders perfectly.
Send size of
collar worn. The price—63 cents—
includes cost of mailing. Money
refunded, if desired.

Strawbridge & Clothier,
DRY GOODS. PHILADELPHIA.

TRAINS DAILY for CHICAGO—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO.,
Piano Manufacturers,
149 to 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED
UNCLE SAM
wants bright men to fill positions under the government. CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS are soon to be held in every State. More than 6,000 appointments will be made this year. Information about Postals, Customs, Internal Revenue, Railway Mail, Departmental and other positions, salaries, dates and places of examinations, etc., free if you address Division L.
NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.
PALL MALL MAGAZINE
NOW READY. 25 CTS. \$3 A YEAR.
WITH AN ETCHING.
"ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE."

Some of the Contents:
ST. IVES. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
WARWICK CASTLE (with illustrations).
By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK
CURLING (illustrated).
By the LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND
CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.
By Lieutenant A. HASTINGS BROWN
THE CAMPAIGN OF 1811 ROUND BIARRITZ.
By Lieutenant-Colonel W. HILL JAMES
HOW TO CELEBRATE THE SIXTIETH
YEAR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.
A Woman's View. By the COUNTESS OF CORKE
A Soldier's View. By EVELYN WOOD, V. C.
A Churchman's View. The ARCHDEACON OF LONDON

NEW YORK:
The INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 83 Duane St.
Montreal: Montreal News Co.
Toronto: Toronto News Co.



The Favorite Route of Business and Pleasure Travel between
EAST, WEST, NORTHWEST AND SOUTHWEST.
THE FAST EXPRESS TRAINS over this line have elegant Palace and Sleeping Cars between New York, Boston, Kingston, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, to Hamilton, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, without change.

For tickets, time-tables, and full information apply to any Ticket Agent, WEST SHORE RAILROAD, or address
C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent,
No. 5 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

CALIFORNIA
If you are going there

by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist Car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway (Scenic Line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third (1/3) of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C. B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

SUICIDAL.

MRS. COBWIGGER—"Everybody says the charity ball was a failure."
Mrs. Dorcas—"So it was. The committee cut down the expenses so that there would be something left for charity."—Judge.

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

It is said there is "a pill for every ill" to which the flesh is heir, and it is interesting to note the scientific progress that successfully condenses into a dainty pill or tablet such remedies as were formerly obtainable only in a liquid form. The prevalence of the pill also suggests the conditions of the age, which are apparent in the striving, the unrest, the over-crowding of the body in labor, the over exercise of the mind in thought. A spirit of high pressure is everywhere in evidence, and we must pay the penalty in the increased friction of life. And right here is where Beecham's Pills prove a priceless boon; they stimulate the torpid liver, correct indigestion, relieve headache and tone up the stomach. It is told of Lord Byron that when he was preparing himself for communion with his muse he did not resort to champagne or any such stimulant but took a course of pills. Let no one suppose, however, that a course of pills will enable ordinary mortals to write poetry like Byron's. Not even Beecham's Pills can do that. But it only proves that the relation of the mind and body is so close, so intimate, that a person who suffers with habitual depression or "blues" will find relief from such morbid condition by the judicious use of Beecham's Pills.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Linene Collars and Cuffs, which appears in another column.

These goods are worthy of more than a passing notice, as the great number of people who have worn them will testify. In many parts of the country, it is a luxury, as well as a convenience, to avoid the trouble and expense, and at times the annoyance, of laundry service, and to be able to have on hand a cloth collar in every way equal in appearance to the best linen goods, at a price less than the cost of laundry work.

Those who have not used them, will find it to their advantage to send for a sample collar and a pair of cuffs. A trial will convince the most skeptical of the merits of these goods.

THE CHARM OF WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY.



Home Portraiture, Flash-light pictures of fire-side groups, views of the glittering landscape—all are easy and delightful with the Pocket Kodak. It loads in Daylight with our Film Cartridges or can be used with plates. Improved shutter, set of three stops, splendid lens. Booklet Free.

Pocket Kodak, loaded for 12 exposures, 1 1/2 x 2 inches, \$5.00
Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 1 1/2 x 2 in. .25
Pocket Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$15.00
Bullets, to \$15.00
Bulls-Eyes. \$15.00
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Great Western

The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



Address, Pleasant Valley Wine Company.
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.
H. B. KIRK & Co., 69 FULTON STREET AND 115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c, and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.

HUNTER
BALTIMORE RYE (10 YEARS OLD.)
Warranted a PURE TONICAL STIMULANT.
Recommended by Physicians and known as the
CHOICEST WHISKEY
For CLUB, FAMILY and MEDICINAL use. The purest type of the American gentleman's drink and stands pre-eminently above all other American Whiskies.
Sold at all First-class Cafes and Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Every package of this popular dentifrice contains: A large bottle of liquid Sozodont, A box of Sozodont Powder, A sample cake of Sozoderma Soap, for the skin

Sozodont
FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH.

Use liquid Sozodont daily; the powder twice a week. A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 Cents, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of
H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St., New York.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia.
HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston.
A. S. McCLEGG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.

Judge Bicycles by their condition at the end of the season.

If yours is a CRIMSON RIM you won't need a new mount in 1897—nor for many years—unless you are determined to always have the latest wrinkles—then you will want a new SYRACUSE BICYCLE each season.

Makers:
SYRACUSE CYCLE COMPANY,
Syracuse, N. Y.

There is but one SYRACUSE—
It is the CRIMSON RIM.

Something for the Children from 6 to 60 Years

Talking Machine

When Edison invented the phonograph, which reproduces the human voice, it was considered the greatest invention of the age—and so it was.

Just think a moment:—Human voices, bands of music, songs of all kinds, speeches and lectures by great statesmen reproduced by these machines.

Why are not phonographs in every household? They cost too much—\$40 to \$200.

We have solved the problem.

A Talking Machine will be shipped you (express charges to be paid by the purchaser), and "Leslie's Weekly" every week for one year, for the remarkably low price of \$7.00.

The Talking Machine is run by clock-work. Any child can operate it. One record goes with each machine; extra records, 50 cents each. The phonograph and graphophone cylinders can be used in this machine. If the Talking Machine is not perfectly satisfactory, we will refund you your money.

"Leslie's Weekly" is considered the best and most popular illustrated weekly in America. Its subscription price is \$4.00 per year, and the Talking Machine \$10.00. Now you wonder how we can sell both for \$7.00. We will tell you. We want 250,000 subscribers to "Leslie's Weekly." We believe that we will get them this way. Those who advertise with us when we publish that number of papers will pay for our loss now. Therefore, the number of machines will be limited—"First come, first served."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

TALKING MACHINE RECORD-COUPON.

Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one Talking-machine Record. Regular price, 50 Cents.

Name _____
Address _____
State _____

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO



A WONDERFUL MIND.

It—"Aw—speaking of Twilby, aw—I have taken a chicken, looked it straight in the eye, aw—and I actually hypnotized it—aw."
Sue—"Well, that shows that your mind is stronger than the chicken's."

The Many Fail, One Succeeds:

Liebig, the great chemist, succeeded in making that scientific marvel, Extract of Beef,—the essence of all that is best in beef. The makers of

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

succeeded, over thirty years ago, under his direction, in making this product so perfect as to secure his endorsement and the right to use his signature on every jar.

*There have been many imitations, mostly failures, but none approaching the Liebig COMPANY'S for purity, strength and fine flavor.

"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co's Breakfast Cocoa



Absolutely Pure.
Delicious.
Nutritious.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP

Be sure that you get the genuine article, made at

DORCHESTER, MASS.,

By **WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.**

Established 1780.

The New Models

Remington

NUMBER

6

Standard

Typewriter

NUMBER

7

embody the practical experience of years, and the guarantee of a long-established reputation

MANY VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE **YALE MIXTURE**

IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED

The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCOS

2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.

Send 10c in stamps for pair of **CELLULOID WHIST COUNTERS**

MARBURG BROS. BALTIMORE MD.
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR

HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES

Best of fabric, best of rubber in **HARTFORD TIRES**. Do not buy imitations.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.
Minneapolis. Toronto.

Matchless in Every Feature!

CALIFORNIA.

Three tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTINGS

of the highest grade in every particular. Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburgh: First tour, \$310; second tour, \$350; third tour, \$210; From Boston: First tour, \$315; second, \$355; third, \$220. For itineraries and all information of California, Florida, and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 205 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Asst Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.

↓
**SOAP
RY**

The tender skin of infants and children should come in contact with only the purest of soaps.
99¹⁴/₁₀₀ per cent PURE

Wherever the pain is, there apply an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

whether in the chest, back, limbs, or stomach. Make sure you get Allcock's. Do not be persuaded to accept a substitute.

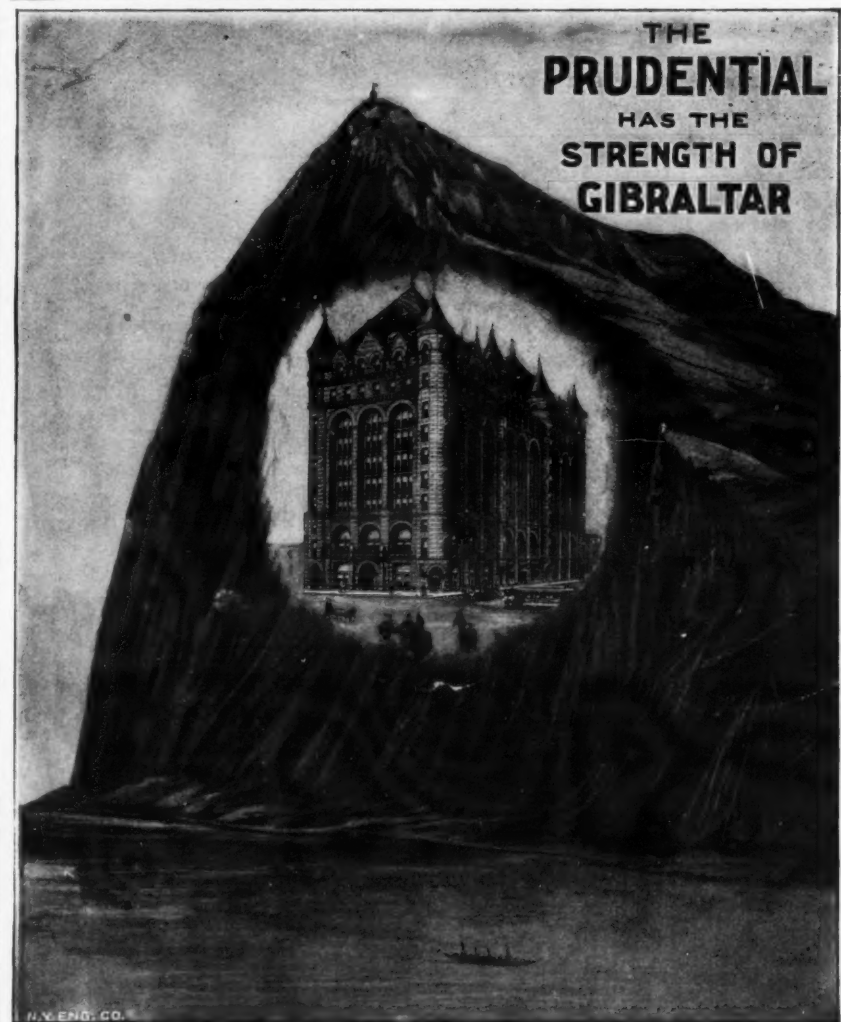
VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

FOR H. I. M. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"THE MARSHAL OF THE IMPERIAL COURT REQUESTS YOU TO SEND WITHOUT DELAY ANOTHER CASE OF 60 BOTTLES VIN MARIANI."

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK. Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.



The Massive Building Pictured Above is Owned and Occupied by

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY, OF AMERICA,

As its Home Office, at Newark, New Jersey,

From which is conducted its vast business of Life Insurance for Men, Women and Children

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write **JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.**, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.

USE IT. **PULL BEARD or NEW HAIR.** Grows with **TURKISH HAIR GROWER**, on smooth face or bald head in 3 wks. or money refunded. \$1.00 for full. This is the best, quickest, surest. We warrant every package. Price 25c. ready for use, 3 for 50c. 7 for \$1.00. Sold by mail. **TREMONT MFG CO.,** 8th St., Boston, Mass.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent **FREE.** **B. M. WOOLLEY M.D.**
Atlanta, Ga. Office, 104 North Pryor Street.

**JUSTLY
FAMOUS**

W.H. BAKER'S

**CHOCOLATES
COCOAS**

HIGHEST GRADE NOW HAS WORD
"BEST"
CONSPICUOUSLY PRINTED ON LABELS